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PEARSON'S

£1,000
Free Insurance.

WEEKLY.

No. 1068.]

REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION TO CANADA.

WEEK ENDING JANUARY 5, 1911.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



DUNVILLE'S

V  R

Insist on seeing
"BOTTLED BY
DUNVILLE & Co. Ltd.,"
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WHISKY

May be obtained
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Merchants in
Great Britain and Ireland.



A substitute for Mustard and other Plasters.

'CAPSICUM VASELINE'

Will not Blister the most Delicate Skin.

Its application is the safest, simplest, and best home remedy for all pains and colds in the chest, throat and lungs; stomach cramps, chilblains, and all rheumatic, neuralgic, and gouty complaints; also particularly effective for headache and toothache.

"Capsicum Vaseline" has all the healing qualities of the old-fashioned mustard plaster without its disagreeable features. In the tube it is absolutely sanitary, and may be applied easily, safely, and at a moment's notice. Put up only in collapsible tubes, 1/-.

If not obtainable locally, a tube will be sent post free to any address upon receipt of 1/- P.O. or stamps.

The word "VASELINE" is the Registered Trade Mark of the
CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO.,
42 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

"THE PREMIER FOODS OF THEIR CLASS."

See MEDICAL TIMES, 26th June, 1909.



PLASMON OATS

SCOTLAND'S BEST

"Enormously increased in food value by the addition of Plasmon."—LANCET

4 minutes' boiling only required. 6d. per pkt.

"Simply magnificent."—Sir J. C., M.D.

PLASMON COCOA

"Much greater nutritive value than ordinary Cocoa."

—BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL, 19th Feb., 1910.

PERFECTION OF FLAVOUR—Tins, 9d., 1/4, 2/6.

PLASMON IS USED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Two Coppers Buy 'em!

If you haven't yet tried 'PARK DRIVE' Cigarettes, do be persuaded to try them *now*. Until you do try them, it's safe to say you'll never credit their genuine all-round excellence. Tuppence buys Ten. Your Tobacconist sells them



Park Drive

10 CIGARETTES 2d.

Never a trace of drugs or 'doctoring'; flavour absolutely A1.
'Park Drives' are the finest cigarette-value in the world.

Made by Gallaher Ltd., The Independent Firm, Belfast and London.



Sold Everywhere.

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There is no simpler, safer, or more agreeable preparation than

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

THE OLD-TIME, EVER-POPULAR HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR

Biliousness, Sick Headache,
Constipation, Errors in
Diet—Eating or Drink-
ing. Thirst, Giddi-
ness, Rheumatic
or Gouty
Poison.



Feverish
Cold with
High Tempera-
ture and Quick
Pulse and Feverish
Conditions generally.

It proves beneficial in
the early stages of Diarrhoea.

CAUTION. Examine the Capsule and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' other-
wise you have the sincerest form of flattery.—IMITATION.

TO BE OBTAINED OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

ALWAYS ASK FOR

ZIG-ZAG

BEST CIGARETTE PAPER

A penny cures your headache—one Kaputine—
from your Chemist—in ten minutes you will
be well.

Dr. Andrew Wilson says: "Have examined
the Kaputines and found them to contain
nothing at all likely to prove injurious."

KAPUTINE

1 for 1d. (at Chemist's, or from) 18 for 1/-
(Kaputine, Lilly & Co.,
Queen's Rd., Manchester)

TIRED MEN.

When you are tired of taking mysterious prescriptions
and weary of wearing Electric Belts, write to me, and
I will send you a book which shows how every man,
young and old, may be quickly and thoroughly cured
of NERVOUSNESS, EXHAUSTION, VARICOCELE
and DEBILITY from any cause whatever, WITHOUT
STOMACH MEDICINE or ELECTRICITY. Hun-
dreds of cures. Book sent sealed, post free, for Two
Stamps. Mention this Paper.—A. J. LEIGH, 92 and
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years' successful results.

REAL DEVONSHIRE CREAM

(clotted); absolutely pure; no preservatives used;
the most efficacious substitute for cod liver oil;
invaluable for children and invalids. 4lb., 1s. 11b., 2s.;
2lb., 4s., free; supplied constantly to the Countesses
Cadogan, Pembroke, Sefton, Dundonald, Guilford.
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**IF YOU
WANT A
WRONG
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TELL IT TO
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Every Thursday.

Price 1d.



IDEAL FOR BREAKFAST AND SUPPER.

Fry's PURE Cocoa

"Sells
Itself."

On rising and before retiring Cocoa is the Ideal Beverage.
As a nightcap it quiets and soothes the nerves, and as a
Break-faster it tones up the organs as no other beverage
does, and gives valuable assistance to important functions.

FRY'S PURE COCOA "HAS WON MORE AWARDS THAN ANY OTHER."

**"GRAND PRIX" BRUSSELS EXHIBITION, 1910.
HIGHEST POSSIBLE DISTINCTION.**

FRY'S Pure Concentrated and Malted Cocoas, Milk and Vinello Chocolate were
selected, in preference to all others, by Captain Scott for his British Antarctic
Expedition.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 1068.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING JANUARY 5, 1911.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

ONE PENNY.

HOW FOREIGN POLICE ARE ARMED.

OUR policemen are the only ones in the world who go unarmed at all times and under all circumstances.

The German police carry revolvers for self-protection at close quarters, and heavy sabres, with edges as sharp as razors, for dealing with riots or serious street disturbances. These latter weapons they do not hesitate to use freely either upon occasion, as sundry English and American journalists had good cause to know recently, they having been badly wounded during the labour troubles in Berlin a month or two ago.

The French gendarme also carries a revolver, and a little short sword, which is, however, more for ornament than use. In real trouble he relies on his "shooter," which is a formidable weapon of a short, heavy "bulldog" type.

Spanish frontier police carry magazine rifles, and use them mercilessly on smugglers. The ordinary Spanish policeman relies upon a Browning magazine pistol, a weapon of a peculiarly deadly type, as recent events in Houndsditch have pretty conclusively shown.

Probably, however, the best-armed police in the world are the New York ones. They are called upon to deal with a particularly dangerous class of alien criminals, the dregs of Europe, and they take no chances.

Both by night and day they carry revolvers, which they use upon very slight provocation. They also carry truncheons, which they call clubs. The "day club" is a comparatively light one, similar to the ordinary truncheon of the London policeman. But the "night club," which is carried by all policemen after dark, is a much more formidable affair, heavy, long, and capable of crushing in at a single blow even a negro's thick skull.

"WHAT did Barker do when he discovered that his wife and chauffeur had planned to elope in his car?"

"He oiled it thoroughly and put it in first-class order."

LIGHTING THE PALLADIUM.

LONDON'S newest music-hall, the Palladium, which opened on Boxing Day, is perhaps the most brilliantly lighted place of its kind in the world.

Altogether it has no fewer than 4,000 electric lamps, 2,200 of them, consuming sufficient current to illuminate a bigish village, being for stage purposes alone. The "dimmers" by which it is possible to simulate all natural effects such as dawn, sunlight, and twilight without any "jumping," is the latest thing in stage lighting.

Another novelty is the electric vortex suction cleaner, a contrivance by which dust, instead of being allowed to settle, is drawn into the basement. Pipes lead from the cleaner to every part of the house, and the floating particles of dust are continually drawn through gratings to the lower regions.

The stage itself is so constructed that part of it can be electrically moved up or down as required.

ETHEL: "Suppose a pretty girl were to grant you the privilege of kissing her either on the right cheek or the left, which would you choose, Jack?"

Jack: "Neither. I would make a choice between the two."

MR. B.: "There, I've let my cigar go out! Do you know that it spoils a cigar, no matter how good it is, if you allow it to go out?"

Mrs. B.: "Yes, a cigar is a good deal like a man in that respect."

PRESCRIBED.

THE telephone bell rang in the consulting room of a doctor who was an enthusiastic cyclist.

In his absence his assistant answered it, and said the doctor was out.

"Will you tell him," the voice asked, "that Mrs. Thompson has a gymkhana coming on, and wants to know if he can do anything for it?"

"I will tell him the moment he comes in," the assistant answered. "Meanwhile put a bread poultice on it, and renew every two hours."

"My hair comes out in handfuls. If it keeps on I'll soon be bald."

"Nonsense; if it keeps on you can never be bald."

"CAN you be trusted with a secret?" he asked. The woman drew herself up proudly.

"You have known me for ten years, haven't you?" she replied.

"Yes."

"Do you know how old I am?"

AN OLD, OLD FRIEND.

Although I'm so much older
Than she, she loves me well
As I nestle on her shoulder
A tale of love to tell.

Sometimes in tones of gladness
I tell the old, old tale,
But oft a note of sadness
Seems destined to prevail.

Yet be it sharp or tender,
She loves my voice to hear,
As round my neck so slender
Her finger-tips appear.

And, as in calm content I rest
Beneath her dimpled chin,
I feel that I'm supremely blest
To be a violin.

"MAMMA, mayn't I go to the fancy dress ball as a milkmaid?"

"You are too small."

"Well, can't I be a condensed milkmaid?"

"You must diet yourself and eat plain food, and not stay out late at night," said the medico.

"That is what I have been thinking ever since you sent in your last bill," said the patient.

Shall we do it now, or wait till Martin comes?

"It is a terrible thing," said the prisoner, "to be known by a number instead of a name, and to feel that all my life I shall be an object of suspicion among the police."

"But you will not be alone, my friend," replied the philanthropic visitor; "the same thing happens to people who own motor cars."

COULDN'T BELIEVE HIM.

BILL was a Far West cowboy, and noted for his craftiness. It was impossible to trust him. He got finally into the toils of the law, and at his trial he pleaded guilty.

He did well for the case against him was strong and irrefutable. Nevertheless, the jury in its verdict declared him innocent.

The Judge was thunderstruck. "Innocent!" he said. "Innocent! But the man himself pleads guilty!"

"We know that," said the foreman of the jury. "but he is such a liar that we can't believe him!"

MUSTN'T GO BIRD FISHING.

A MAN shot a hoopoe the other day, and was punished for doing so.

It served him right in a sense, for he ought to have known better (though probably he didn't), seeing that this particular bird is one of some eighty odd that are not allowed to be killed in this country.

The prohibition dates from 1880, when the Wild Birds Protection Act was passed. This is the magna charta of the fowls of the air. To some a close time is allotted, extending generally well over the breeding season; others are protected the whole year round. The hoopoe is one of these latter.

So, too, are a number of other rare visitors to our shores, the very names of many of which are unfamiliar to most people; as, for example, the whaup, tystey, phalarope, smew, tarrock, coultar-nib, thickknee, pochard, stint, whimbrel, purre, marrot, fulmar, murre, and bronzie.

Amateur "sportsmen" will do well, too, to take notice that they are not allowed to use their own discretion as to the means they employ for killing other feathered game.

No wild bird, for instance, may be "fished for" with a hook or other similar instrument, and even to attempt to do so is an offence entailing a £5 fine.

It is also illegal to use a pole trap. This is a steel spring trap with teeth, generally fastened by a chain to the top of a pole in a clearing of a wood.

"YES, I have seen the day when Mr. Rich, the millionaire, did not have a pair of shoes to cover his feet."

"And when was that, pray?"

"At the time he was bathing."

FATHER: "I must study that young man of yours, daughter. I want to see how he takes hold of things that interest him."

Daughter: "All right, dad. Just pop out on the conservatory suddenly some night."

FISH AND CHIP FACTS.

THE "best" fried-fish shops in London are kept by Jews. These shops charge higher rates than the others, twopence and threepence being the usual price. In others, the humble halfpenny will purchase a slice of fish.

The evening is the harvest time of the fried-fish shop. After six o'clock, when the tired and hungry workers are returning home, the seats in these places will all be occupied, and the rest of the shop filled with customers standing up devouring the luscious delicacy.

Besides these, others will be constantly coming in to obtain supplies to take away with them. Eels are, presumably, fish. At least, the average individual holds this opinion, but the fried-fish dealer does not. If you were to ask him if he sold eels he would reply that he only sold fish, and no amount of argument on your part would induce him to believe that the reply did not answer your question.

The eel-shops in the East End are also largely patronised, but their charges are higher than the others. The East End fish shop has invariably a list of the various kinds of fish to be obtained within on a slate or a board, but it would require an expert to discover any difference in the stuff sold. Some of these places fry their fish in grease.

Others use oil. This is supposed to be the proper ingredient for frying. The Jews all use oil, and their shops are cleaner than the others.

Half-Guineas, Pen-Knives, Scissors, Match-boxes, Pencil-cases, and Safety-Razors offered in this week's footlines.

THE WORLD'S BEST STORIES.

Two Feet of Yarns

London's Best Beggar.

THE Hon. Sydney Holland's Christmas appeal, as chairman of the London Hospital, is this year even more urgent than usual, for the famous institution appears to be in serious financial difficulties. Its chairman has gained for himself the title of the "best beggar in London" as a consequence of his work in collecting funds for the hospital, and certainly there is no more deserving institution of its kind in this country.

The amount of good work done in the East End of London is enormous, and mention of this brings to mind a story of a nurse who was sent out to visit some poor woman who was lying ill in a wretched slum.

She found the house all right and knocked at the door, but there was no answer. She was quite sure someone must be in, so she continued to knock at intervals for some minutes. At length the door was opened slightly, and a youth's face peeped round the corner.

"Oh, you naughty little boy!" exclaimed the nurse. "Why have you kept me waiting?"

The boy opened the door wider for her to enter and mumbled something that might be taken for an apology. The nurse impressed upon him that she was in a great hurry, and on the journey between the front door and her patient she exhorted him to be more prompt in future.

The youth seemed to recognise the error of his ways and slunk off. After she had finished attending to her patient, she asked, "Who was that little boy who let me in?"

The woman on the bed smiled faintly: "Please, nurse, that was my husband."

Ought to Know Better.

MR. KIPLING's birthday falls due one day this week—on the 30th—and he will be snowed under by congratulations from all parts of the world.

He knows India as few other men know it, and his best stories are connected with Indian life. Here is one: It happened at a small station on some out-of-the-way railway, where there were only two officials, a stationmaster, and a porter. The stationmaster was filled with a mighty notion of his own importance and had impressed upon his subordinate that he was on no account to act on his own responsibility; he must take all his orders from the stationmaster himself or, if he should be absent, he was to communicate by telegraph with headquarters.

All went smoothly for some time, but one unfortunate day a man-eating tiger broke away from the jungle. A few minutes later the clerks at the headquarters heard this message ticked out:

"Tiger on platform eating stationmaster. Please wire instructions!"

One day—another story runs—while Kipling was correcting proofs he began to croon "On the Road to Mandalay." His little daughter, who was in the room, listened for a few minutes in silence; then she asked: "Father, didn't you write that song?"

"Yes," Mr. Kipling replied; "I did."

"Well," was the rather scornful comment, "it seems to me you should know the tune better."

The Pianist and the Peppermint.

THE Queen of Roumania, who also celebrates her birthday this week, has just had one of our youngest musicians playing before her—Max Darewski. Max is not very old yet, but he has already had a career that many less-gifted children might envy.

Some time ago a friend offered the young pianist a peppermint drop, which he promptly accepted and put in his mouth. Unfortunately this peppermint was particularly hot and strong. After Max had sucked at it for some time with watering eyes, he took it out of his mouth and laid it on the window-ledge.

"Why are you putting it there?" his friend demanded.

"To let it cool," was the reply.

Natural Emotion.

ANOTHER December birthday is that of the Marquis of Tullibardine. As becomes a strenuous politician, most of his stories have a political flavour, and one of the best relates to a certain M.P. who was not a very fluent speaker when confronted with an audience, and who had to make up his speeches beforehand.

He had arranged to speak in a certain town, but, owing to a variety of circumstances, he had been unable to do more than jot down a few headings for his speech. Time pressed. He knew that if he went on the platform with his hastily scribbled notes he would muddle up everything. A few minutes before he left his hotel to attend the meeting he discovered a typist in the manager's office. She had nothing to do for the moment, so he asked her to type out the speech as he dictated it.

In the hurry, she took it direct on the machine, while the M.P. walked restlessly to and fro dictating. Just as he was nearly the end and had worked up a moving peroration, the typist suddenly stopped and, letting her head drop on her hands, began to sob hysterically.

The M.P. was gratified that his words should have touched her so deeply, but as he was already late for the meeting he thought it would be more convenient if she postponed her emotion. The poor girl continued to sob, however, and at last the M.P. asked her rather impatiently what was the matter.

"Pup-please sa-ay it all over a-again!" she sobbed. "I—I fuh-forgot to put any pa-aper in the machine."

Guaranteed to be Funny.

MR. PÉLISSIER, whose Christmas show at the Apollo is one of the most joyous in London, might write one of these days an article on "My Interviewers." He still remembers with delight one young man who came to him from a well-known weekly paper and asked for some funny stories.

Mr. Péliissier very obligingly brought out his choicest yarns and recited them to the reporter. Any ordinary human being would in three minutes have been doubled up with laughter, but the reporter took each story down mechanically and laboriously—and never smiled.

The chief Folly reeled off the most side-splitting jokes, hoping against hope for the reward of one little smile; but no, the reporter went on writing steadily, but never showed the faintest flicker of amusement.

Suddenly, just after Mr. Péliissier has surpassed himself and had sprung on him an uproariously funny story that might have made the celebrated cat laugh, the reporter glanced at him suspiciously.

"I suppose," he said, "I suppose I may rely on you that these stories are really funny?"

Another story concerns a friend of Mr. Péliissier's who had damaged his arm in an accident. The arm was a long time in healing, and one day the patient was complaining to Mr. Péliissier.

"I think I'll have the arm cut off!" he exclaimed "and get a cork one instead."

"What sort of bottle will you wear at the end of it?" Mr. Péliissier wanted to know.

Shall we do it now, or wait till Martin comes?

The Dog Came Back.

THE Editor of our Quips and Jestlets page this week is Mr. Harry Tate, the most twinkling star of the pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham. He tells a story of a doctor who had a dog of which, in spite of the fact that its "mongrelness" was painfully apparent, he was very fond. One day the dog disappeared. The doctor waited patiently for a day or two, thinking it might return, but when the third day arrived and no dog, he began to be rather anxious. The police were unable to help him; they could only suggest that he should offer a reward.

But even as he was giving instructions for a reward to be offered, he thought of a much better plan. He put an advertisement into the papers to the effect that a dog he had been experimenting on had strayed away and he would be glad if anybody who found it would return it at once.

"It is particularly necessary that I should get it back," the advertisement concluded, "because I have inoculated it with a very malignant disease and the animal may infect all with whom it comes in contact."

The dog wandered in next day.

THE ODD CORNER.

Pars for the Patient

The Editor will give one of the famous P. W. penknives to any reader who sends him a paragraph accepted for this column. If there is more than one sender of a paragraph used, the penknife will be awarded to the reader whose contribution was received first.

PECULIAR SUBTRACTION.

If from six you take nine, and from nine you take ten,

Ye wits now the puzzle explain;
If fifty from forty be taken, how, then,
Can just half-a-dozen remain?
Solution below.

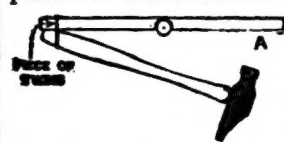
PUZZLING.

THE following letter appears at first sight to be quite unintelligible. But if you use your common-sense, and think carefully, you will probably be able to read it without looking below:

Expensive 1s. 6d. Meet me at the 5s. Will see 6 u 7.—Yours truly 4½d.
Solution below.

THE GRAVITATION TRICK.

THE following trick will mystify your friends and provide entertainment for a children's party. Take



an ordinary three-foot rule, and ask one of your friends to hang a hammer on the end of it in such a manner that the whole will be self-supporting.

The illustration explains itself. See that the point A rests on the edge of a table, and the contrivance will then slowly see-saw, but will not fall to the ground.

CATCH-YOUR-PAL.

GET a friend who is not an expert boxer, and say to him, "I'll bet you a shilling that you cannot spell three simple words in twenty seconds."

Having collected the stakes, begin as follows:

"Believe." Your friend will answer,

"B-e-l-i-e-v-e."

"Receive." Your friend will answer,

"R-e-c-e-i-v-e."

"Wrong!" you shout, and your friend will protest, "I'm not wrong!"

Then you say, "Time's up. I asked you to spell wrong;" pocket the stakes, and fly for your life.

A SCIENTIFIC TRICK.

TAKE a tumbler half full of water, and place a sheet of paper across the top; keeping one hand

flat on the paper, and, with the other holding the bottom of the glass, suddenly invert the latter, at the same time removing the hand from under the paper. To the astonishment of all present, the sheet of paper, instead of falling and spilling the water, will remain clinging to the glass and supporting the water. Do not hold it in this position too long as the water will soon soak through the paper, and so spoil the effect.



Solutions.

PECULIAR SUBTRACTION.

S-IX.
I-X.
X-L.

PUZZLING.

DEAR "BOB TANNER,"—Meet me at the "Crown." Will see you between six and seven.—Yours truly "JOEY BROWN."

Why is New Year's Day like a frying-pan? This is easier than usual. All should try.

1911 Unveiled



Mr. P. Doubleyou Takes a Peep Into the Future for the Benefit of Pearsonites.

THE year 1911 is likely to prove a busy and exciting one in many ways.

In England the one great central event will, of course, be the Coronation, which is fixed to take place on June 22nd in Westminster Abbey.

The ceremony and the procession through the streets will be of a gorgeousness such as no one of this generation has ever witnessed, for King Edward's Coronation was, of course, shorn of most of its attractiveness owing to his Majesty's sudden illness.

The whole Kingdom will make holiday for the occasion, and the influx of visitors will be enormous. London especially will be filled to overflowing with pleasure-seekers from all over the world. In fact, most of the large hotels are already booked "full up" for "Coronation week."

A BIG NAVAL REVIEW.

Besides the ceremony itself and the procession, the week will witness a gala performance at the opera of unexampled brilliancy; bonfires will blaze at night, and rockets will soar aloft from Land's End to John O'Groats; banquets, balls, and so forth, will be held everywhere, and there will be dinners and entertainments all over the country for the King's poorer subjects.

There will also be a naval review, at which will be assembled the strongest fleet that up till now the world has ever seen.

A great attraction, too, will be the Festival of Empire at the Crystal Palace, which includes a pageant in which about 20,000 performers will take part.

Following the Coronation, there will be the Investiture of the Prince of Wales at Carnarvon Castle.

"TERRIERS" TO MOBILISE.

This gorgeous and imposing ceremony will take place about the middle of July, and will be attended by the King and Queen and by hundreds of thousands of sightseers from all over the country.

The entire strength of the Welsh Territorials is to be mobilised, and the Home Fleet is to be assembled in Carnarvon Bay to thunder forth a Royal salute at the conclusion of the pageant. It will be Wales' great day.

It is probable that before the date of the Coronation the great constitutional battle between the rival political parties in the State will be fought to a finish, and finally settled one way or the other. But, if not, then there is likely to be a truce to hostilities for the time being of a similar kind to that which ensued upon the death of King Edward.

The year will see a big boom in shipbuilding, both naval and mercantile, and for the first time in our history we shall have battleships afloat carrying the new 13.5-inch gun—a weapon which is, roughly speaking, about twice as powerful as the latest type of 12-inch gun now mounted in our Dreadnoughts.

AIMS OF AVIATORS.

As regards aviation, it may be confidently predicted that many startling results will be achieved. Aeroplanes with engines of 200 h.p. are now being built, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that the Atlantic will be flown across.

In May, too, it is expected that the huge rigid airship—"as big as a Dreadnought"—which is being built by our Admiralty at Barrow-in-Furness, will be finished. Great secrecy is being maintained about this "aerial cruiser," but it is known that her hull will be of a new amalgam of metals to which the name of "elektron" has been given, while her cars will be of wood.

Owing to the surprising failures financially of practically all the flying-meetings organised in 1910, it is unlikely that 1911 will see any new move in this direction. But there will be plenty of cross-country flying over England for valuable prizes.

For instance, £10,000 is offered for a one-thousand mile air race across England and Scotland, with thirteen halts.

This is to be competed for by airmen of all nations in the second week of July, and it may

safely be prophesied that we shall think and talk of little else whilst it is in progress. About the same time, too, will start the great international air race for £8,000 from Paris to Berlin, returning by way of Brussels and London.

As regards foreign politics, it is well within the bounds of possibility that 1911 will witness a revolution in Spain on similar lines to that which this year converted the sister kingdom of Portugal into a Republic.

Serious trouble, too, is threatened in Persia, which will be occupied by us with Indian troops early in the New Year, unless certain reforms we are insisting upon are carried out in the meantime.

"How's your wife, Binks?"
"Her head troubles her a good deal."
"Neuralgia?"
"No; she wants a new hat!"

Shall we do it now, or wait till Martin comes?

LADY VISITOR (calling where the mother is ill in bed, and where a small girl of eight presides over two smaller ones, who look rather gloomy): "I hope, my dear, you remember that you must be a mother to your sisters?"

"I do," said the first-born proudly. "I've smacked 'em both three times, and twice with the rolling-pin."

£250 A WEEK Offered in Football Skill Competition.

£850 IN PRIZES NOW AWARDED, INCLUDING TWO OF £250 EACH.

Many tens of thousands of our readers take a keen interest in Association Football, and we have, therefore, devised this Competition with the purpose of enabling them to put their knowledge to good account. The prize offered is £250, and the task set enables competitors to display their skill in following up football, and also fosters their interest in the game.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

On the entry form below you will find the names of the clubs taking part in sixteen matches to be played on Saturday January 7th.

You have first of all to make yourself acquainted with the records and capabilities of the various clubs, and decide in each case which club you think will win. Then draw a line in ink through the name of the club which you believe will lose. If, in your opinion, any of the matches will result in a draw, then leave names of both teams in.

NO ENTRANCE FEE.

THE Clubs whose names we give are all in the English, Scottish, or Southern Leagues, and to guide you in preparing your forecasts you would be well advised to keep a record of their matches before you. The names of the players in these teams can also be ascertained, if you don't already know them. There are many thousands of people so keenly interested in football that the names and doings of nearly every prominent player are known to them, and the matches in which they are engaged are of as much interest to them as the news in a daily paper is to the ordinary reader.

These enthusiasts require no assistance from us in exercising their skill in choosing which they think will be the victorious teams, but to others, not conversant with the clubs and the players and their doings, we suggest that a handbook giving details of last season's play (with the names and records of the principal players) will be very helpful. The competitor who will gain is not the reader who guesses haphazard, but the one who bases his forecast on his knowledge of the capabilities of the teams engaged, and the doings of the individual members.

It must be clear, therefore, to you, that it is necessary to exercise a considerable amount of skill to gain the prize. You may submit one coupon only, but different members of one family may inclose their entry forms for the same competition in the same envelope. No other communication must be inclosed.

As a help and guide to the exercise of your judgment, we recommend THE LONDON MORNING LEADER Penny Football Annual, in which will be found complete information regarding teams, records of individual players, and last season's matches.

CONDITIONS WITH WHICH COMPETITORS MUST COMPLY.

1. The names of the teams which you believe will lose must be crossed out, and each entry form must be signed by the competitor with his own name and address in ink. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either.
2. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "FOOTBALL No. 14," in the top left-hand corner, and affix a penny stamp. All attempts must arrive not later than first post Friday, January 6th.
3. Only one coupon can be accepted from each reader.
4. The sum of £250 will be awarded to the competitor from whom we receive an entry form bearing what proves to be the correct result of all the matches played. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided.
5. Should no competitor give the correct result of all the matches played, £25 will be awarded to the competitor from whom we receive the entry form containing the greatest number of correct results. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided, and in the event of two or more matches not being played the £250 will not be awarded.
6. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt.
7. The Editor does not assume any responsibility for any alterations that may be made in the fixtures given.

8. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
9. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

CONTEST No. 11.

Owing to the intervention of the Christmas Holidays, it has been impossible to complete the scrutinising of the entry forms in this column. Before this number of P.W. goes to press.

We hope to publish the names of the winners in next week's issue.

Pearson's Football Contest No. 14.

Matches to be played on Saturday, Jan. 7th.

Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either.

Aston Villa (3)	v	Sunderland (2)
Preston North End (0)	v	Everton (1)
Liverpool (3)	v	Blackburn Rovers (1)
Tottenham Hotspur (3)	v	Bristol City (2)
Derby County (1)	v	Clapton Orient (0)
Fulham (0)	v	W. Bromwich Alb. (2)
Manchester United (2)	v	Notts Forest (6)
Hull City	v	Bolton Wanderers *
Leeds City (1)	v	Glossop (2)
Leicester Fosse (2)	v	Wolverhampton W. (1)
Queen's Park R. (1)	v	New Brompton (0)
Portsmouth (1)	v	Southampton (1)
Millwall (3)	v	Norwich City (0)
Third Lanark (0)	v	Hibernians (1)
Falkirk (1)	v	Aberdeen (0)
Celtic (3)	v	Partick Thistle (1)

The figures denote the results of the corresponding matches of last season. The star (*) indicates that no match took place last season.

The above matches take place on the ground of the first-named.

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the printed conditions.

Signature

Address

CUT OUT COUPON AND POST TO US UNFOLDED.

I will give half-a-guinea for the best answer. Mark postcards "Fry-pan." (See page 360.)

MARGUERITE GASCOIGNE'S finger went slowly down each separate advertisement in the "Situations Vacant" column, pausing now and again at one or other, but eventually travelling on to the very end. This reached, Marguerite gave her fair head a despondent shake, and sighed deeply. After a reflective pause she turned the paper, and began to study the column headed "Miscellaneous Vacancies." Half way down she stopped abruptly, her eyes riveted on the following advertisement:

"Wanted, for a week, a paid guest. Must be of good birth and undoubted position although in reduced circumstances. Liberal salary to right person. Apply, giving full details and inclosing photograph, to Box E 1416, Office of this paper."

"What a queer thing!" ejaculated Marguerite. "I think I'll answer it, though, for it might lead to something good. Let's see; full details, eh? Still, I needn't tell everything."

Marguerite gave her parentage, explaining that at her father's death his estates, being strictly entailed on the male line, had passed to a distant cousin, and that her private means had been lost in the failure of a bank quite recently. Therefore she would, she said, be pleased to come to the advertiser as paid guest for a week or longer, for she was anxious to find a situation as companion.

What wilful, impulsive little Rita did not choose to tell was that she had had a home with her god-mother, Lady Marchleas, who was doing all she could to find and bring home again a very troublesome charge. Rita was engaged to marry Geoffrey, Lady Marchleas' youngest son, but after a quarrel with him, in which the mother took his part, the hot-tempered girl ran away, leaving a defiant little note to say that she had gone to earn her own living and would never come back.

Only one week had passed, but already Marguerite was finding that earning one's own living was more easily said than done, so she was overjoyed when she had a favourable answer to her application. Miss Viola Seymour would be pleased to engage Miss Gascoigne as paid guest. The salary would be ten pounds for the week, and the only stipulation she made was that Miss Gascoigne would keep the secret that she was paid, and would play up to the rôle assigned to her.

The following day found Rita entering the vestibule of a large Georgian mansion. A short, plump, very pretty little person rushed to meet her.

"My dearest cousin, I'm delighted to see you!" she exclaimed, and, standing on tip-toe, most tenderly kissed the astonished girl on both cheeks.

Rita stared, struggled with a feeling of resentment, decided to accept the rôle given her, and passed into a fine old hall, where some half-dozen people were dotted about, sipping tea and chatting.

"You know Aunt Margaret and Uncle George," continued Miss Seymour, leading her paid guest up to a tall, severe-looking elderly lady, and a stout, very bald, red-faced man of about sixty, "and I need hardly introduce you to Cousin Philip and Cousin Walter"—two decidedly dissipated-looking young men started up at her approach—"who will do their best to make things jolly for us all."

Marguerite found her hand seized and violently shaken by her newly invented kinsfolk, and she submitted willingly, thankful to escape a cousinly embrace.

"And now, dearest Marguerite, let me introduce my sweetheart, Sir Arthur Crosby," added Miss Seymour, turning abruptly to the fireplace, where two young men were standing. "Arthur, this is my favourite cousin, Miss Gascoigne."

A tall, thin man, with cold, glassy eyes, a pale, impassive, clean-shaven face, and an indifferent manner, lounged forward to make the new-comer a frigid bow, and drew back again.

"And this is Arthur's friend, who has come down to support him, and who is to officiate on a very interesting occasion," tittered Miss Seymour, and Rita, looking in the direction of the other man, who had not moved, met the dark, reproachful eyes of Geoffrey Conyngham.

He gave no sign of recognition, and Rita returned his bow with cold grace, murmuring some conventional remark. But she was glad to find herself in her room, a maid unpacking and laying out what was wanted for her evening toilet.

She was just ready, and the maid was giving a final touch to the pretty gown, when a quick tap at the door heralded the entrance of Miss Seymour.



A Paid Guest



A Delightful Tale of Money, a Maid, and Marriage.

By COUNTESS SERKOFF.

Dismissing the maid, she sat down by the fire and spread out the short, stubby fingers and coarse, squat hands to the blaze.

"I've come for a chat," she announced abruptly, gazing keenly at the graceful figure seated opposite her. "You'd like to know how you came to be my cousin, I suppose?"

"I should," returned Rita composedly. "Well"—Miss Seymour drew a long breath—"it's like this." A long pause. "I'm an Australian," she began again, in a kind of rush, "and—an orphan, and just awfully rich. I don't know anybody in England, and I met Arthur in a very unconventional way. We're engaged, but he seemed to think it so kind of queer that I hadn't any relatives that I—that I've invented some."

"Then Uncle George and Aunt Margaret, Cousin—?"

"Are all paid guests, every one of them," broke in Miss Seymour. "I don't know that they're quite 'O.K.,' but they're the best of the answers I got to my advertisement—except you. I haven't told them anything, except that it's a lark, but I can see you're different, and I'd better tell you the truth. You won't give me away, will you?"

"I—I suppose not," hesitated Rita, "but it is deceit, after all, you know, isn't it?"

"We've all our little deceits, and it's other people's deceits that are so wicked," retorted the girl. "Perhaps even you may have something that you keep to yourself."

Rita blushed and was silent.

"What are you doing here, Rita, and how came you to be Miss Seymour's cousin?" The speaker was Geoffrey Conyngham.

Rita turned round and looked into his face with a defiant gleam in her eyes.

"What are you doing here?" she retorted.

"I'm here as Crosby's friend. I'm to be his best man."

"Is he really engaged to Miss Seymour?" asked Rita.

"On, why not? It isn't supposed to be a love match. He's got birth and position, and she's got money; rolls in it, wallows in it, they say. I dare say she's all right in her own way, but I don't think she's quite the best society for my future wife."

"For your what?" interrupted Rita with raised eye-brows.

"For my future wife," repeated Geoffrey imperturbably. "Why does she introduce you as her cousin? She's got a queer lot together, I must say. I've strong doubts about Uncle George, and I've no doubts at all about cousins Philip and Walter. But never mind that, Rita; I want you to explain your extraordinary conduct. Why did you run away from home?"

"I left a letter explaining my reasons," answered Rita with dignity. "I'm not going to marry a man who calls me a heartless flirt, and I won't accept the bounty of your mother. I may be penniless, but I'm not a beggar, and rather than live on charity, I'll earn my own living!"

"And this is how you begin?" inquired Geoffrey.

"You're very impertinent," flashed out Rita, "and very horrid. Let me alone, Geoffrey. You've no right to kiss me!"

For Geoffrey had taken her in his arms, and was kissing the half-crying, half-laughing girl as if there never had been any quarrel between them.

"Silly, silly little girl!" he whispered, his lips on hers, "as if I would let my little Rita run away from me because of a foolish quarrel. I'll take you home to Marchleas to-morrow."

"No, you mustn't, Geoffrey!" objected Rita, raising her radiant face. "I'll stay here for the week, and then I'll go home, but I won't break my bargain. Tell your mother I'm all right, and you know where I am, but don't say any more than that."

But Geoffrey wrote a great deal more than that to his mother.

By the afternoon of the next day Rita had come to the conclusion that her position as paid guest was untenable. Her hostess was kind and

stealing a kiss. Geoffrey and his friend were out all day. When they returned at dusk Rita crept up to her lover.

"Let's go home, Geoffrey," she whispered. "I can't stand it."

"All right, darling," he answered. "The fact is, I've written and asked the *mater* to come for you, but she's wired she's sprained her ankle, and can't, so she's asked her friend Mrs. Ludlow, who is coming to pay her a long visit, to call here on her way from town, and carry you off."

"Oh, I'm glad!" breathed Rita. "When is she coming?"

"Now, I fancy," returned Geoffrey. "I hear a motor purring outside this moment, and I expect—"

He broke off as a tall, fine-looking woman in costly furs entered the hall, and looked round inquiringly.

Rita ran forward.

"Oh, Mrs. Ludlow, I'm so glad to see you. Miss Seymour—"—she looked round for her hostess.

That little person had come forward also, and then stopped short, apparently paralysed with horror. All the bright colour had faded out of her round cheeks, her very lips were pale. Mrs. Ludlow surveyed her with astonishment.

"Sarah Thompson, what are you doing here?" she demanded.

"I'm—I'm not—Sarah Thompson," stammered the Australian heiress. "Arthur, tell her—tell her—"

"This lady is Miss Viola Seymour, an Australian," said Crosby, coming to the support of his betrothed. "You've made some mistake. Her relatives are present to vouch for her."

"She is Sarah Thompson, who was my maid, and an excellent maid she was, too," announced Mrs. Ludlow positively. "She left me because she came in for a legacy of three thousand pounds, which I suppose she is spending as fast as she can. There can't be much left after paying the rent of this house."

Crosby dropped the arm his betrothed had clutched, and stepped back.

"Three thousand pounds!" he muttered, staring at her.

Aunt Margaret arose.

"I'm a paid guest," she remarked, in a thin, high voice. "I'm paid to be her Aunt Margaret, and if that's all she's got, it won't pay me to be a relation any longer. I made her pay me in advance, so I'm not out of pocket, and I'm off."

"Same here," observed Uncle George, and swaggered out of the hall in the wake of the departing lady. Cousins Walter and Philip made no remark, but unobtrusively vanished.

"I see," said Crosby grimly. "Good-bye, Miss Thompson!"

Sarah sobbed piteously, and Rita's warm little heart melted. She slipped her arm round the shaking shoulders.

"Don't cry," she said kindly. "I'm sure you didn't mean any harm. You were led into it, weren't you, and thought it a kind of joke at first."

"No, I didn't," sobbed Sarah, "but I thought three thousand pounds a heap of money, and I thought if I took a pretty name and lived in a nice place I might marry a gentleman. And why not? I'm as pretty as lots of girls, only I never had a chance."

"That'll do, Rita!" interposed Geoffrey hastily. "Come along, there's a good girl, and we'll get off at once."

But Rita would not leave the sobbing, miserable girl until she had comforted her a little, and promised her help for the future if, as appeared likely, all the little legacy had gone in keeping up her deception.

Sometimes, as young Mrs. Conyngham watches her deft, attentive, devoted maid busy about the affairs of the toilet, apparently absorbed in some new way of dressing hair or arranging the trimming of a gown, she wonders if Sarah Thompson ever thinks of the days when she was Miss Viola Seymour, and her present mistress was her paid guest.

REMARKABLE NEW SERIES.

Lancashire's Living Scenes

By JAMES SHERLIKER.



II.—FOOLING THE FACTORY INSPECTOR.

IN the cotton-spinning room where, as a boy, I earned my living, was a huge driving belt nearly an inch thick, two feet wide and about forty feet long. It revolved at lightning speed round great drums that gave power to the mules.

Sometimes a sudden "clackety clack" would cut into the machinery's usual roar, and then there was a crash like a shattering thunderbolt. It meant that the belt had broken and dealt "destruction's devastating doom" as far as it could reach.

It was a howling death-dealer, a terror to every new half-timer whose work took him past it. And only on three sides was it incased.

The fourth side was bare, revealing the belt generating its cyclonic wind. Time and millions of revolutions had given it the glaze of a polished mirror, and as it leaped and jumped and whistled on its way, you got a glimpse of a giant rattlesnake screeching its heart out because somebody had nailed its head to its tail and transformed it from a life-taker into a life-giver.

Part of my duty as a "creeler" was to carry "bobbins" by it, and I was given the choice of floundering through a sea of grease droppings, to slip on the belt and be hurled to eternity, and diving underneath the "creel," to risk being crushed to death between the moving "carriage" and an iron upright called a "springpiece."

"Goo'in' to Get a New Un."

Everybody concerned knew that to have the belt unguarded was an offence against the Factory Act, but nobody troubled. The casing was old, and they were forever "goo'in' to get a new un."

One afternoon the factory inspector entered the room. He looked at the belt from a distance and, being wise, did not approach nearer.

"Guarded, I suppose?" he inquired.

"All but one side," the official answered.

"That was knocked down this morning, I believe. We're having it fixed at once."

"Well, don't waste any time, and—don't allow that boy to go near it."

"That boy" was me. No sooner had the inspector departed than duty called me past the belt, and as the "watch-dog of industry" scribbled in his note-book: "the usual precautions against accidents are observed," or something similar, the monster was hissing out its threat within an inch of my shirt-sleeves.

This is one of the many instances of how the factory inspector in Lancashire has long been fooled, is being fooled, and will continue to be fooled until the Government sees the wisdom of taking its detectives straight from the ranks of the workers. The best man to run a thief down is another thief; the best man to detect mill evils is a man who has felt the effects of them.

The system at present is farcical. To-morrow when the inspector swoops down, eagle-wise, on the factory town, peep behind the scenes.

It is afternoon—about twenty-six minutes past one, to be precise—and the mill visited by the Government official is already in full swing—four minutes too soon. It is a clear case of time cribbing. The inspector notes the exact moment, and in due course the law on over-time will speak plainly and effectually to the millowner.

Waking Up With a Vengeance.

But here the prosecutions will end. The factory inspector will search through that particular town in vain for evidence of further breaches of the Act. His visit has a galvanic battery effect on all those interested.

A clerk at the mill visited takes up the telephone receiver.

"Twenty-one, please, miss," he says. "Quick! That's Robinson's—Yes?—Robinson's?—F.I. here. Pass it on."

Scene two: Similar office at Robinson's.

Clerk at the telephone:

"That Brown's—F.I. here."

The recipient of the news at Brown's mutters a quick "Thanks!" and passes the intimation on.

In a moment or two the intelligence has incircled

the district. There is a racing and a spluttering, and a shouting of orders, and a wearing of anxious looks, and a ten minutes of excitement which reminds one of Byron's description of the scene at the Brussels military ball the evening before Waterloo when the news came that the enemy was approaching.

There is a similar "mounting in hot haste" of factory staircases by managers and overlookers, and we have the equivalent of the "warning drum" in the sound of a manager's kick at an empty, dust-laden fire-bucket. The kick means "Fill it," and soon we see a troop of the barefooted "minders" or "piecers" hurrying with buckets to the water taps.

A manager walks quickly to a thermometer in the mule-room. The mercury is too high, which means that the air in the room is too hot. Instructions are given at once to reduce the steam in the pipes round the room.

He gazes anxiously about him. Not a single window is open, and the heat is choking; now he is hurrying along giving orders to have the windows opened.

Pity the Poor Half-Timer.

Ordinarily, to open a window—in many cotton mills—is a very grave offence, a Turkish bath atmosphere being considered conducive to the spinning of good yarn. But the nearness of the factory inspector reminds superiors that men must be considered as well as cotton and machines. So the windows are opened.

Is there a dangerous piece of machinery unprotected? It must be incased. Is there a half-timer spending more time in the factory than the law permits? He must be hurried off to school.

Here is a lad, aged twelve, manipulating a heavy hoist, in which is a little pile of yarn baskets that he is bringing up to be filled with "cops" of thread at the mules. The man supposed to be in charge of the hoist is busy on other work and the lad dare not wait for him any longer.

On the scene comes the overlooker. "Get out!" he roars. "Yo' young scamp! Doan't ye know th' inspector's about?"

The lad stops the hoist and drags the baskets out to the landing. Then, with the echoes of his superior's curses ringing in his ears, he raises the pile on his young shoulders and mounts the stairs carefully, slowly, one by one, the while his big burden sways dangerously to and fro, threatening every moment to crash down with its puny carrier. When he has struggled to his own landing the baskets fall from his shoulder and his heart throbs like a motor.

In the Weaving-Sheds.

But he is safe from the inspector and that satisfies the overlooker—nothing else matters.

In the weaving-sheds also things are being transformed as speedily as possible. There is a rapid righting of wrongs, a sudden concern for the health of the weavers, an eager desire to keep within the pale of the law.

He sees to it that where practicable guards are fixed about the looms in order that the inspector may not be pained by the picture of a flying shuttle cleaving a girl's cheek or her eye. Not that employers are always to blame for the absence of loom guards; very often the culprits are the weavers themselves, their excuse being that the presence of a guard hampers the progress of their work.

In the card-rooms, women and girls who find it safer, as a rule, to work barefooted owing to the greasiness of the floor, hastily slip on stockings and old slippers. Men are working near, and decency—when the inspector is around—must be observed.

So is the transformation achieved. Ten minutes sees everything as it ought to be.

If the mill happens to be an old one where space is limited, the inspector learns, to his great satisfaction, that boys are on no account permitted to pass between those two "wheel-heads" (mazes of spinning machinery), which, he has noticed, are dangerously close to each other.

But when he is gone there is a quick return to the state of things that prevailed before he came.

I have been told that there are mills in Lancashire to which the statements in this article do not in the least apply; that they execute no transformation scenes, nor do they need to. One day I shall look for them, and if I find them they shall have the publicity they deserve.

But I am afraid I shall fail. The fooling of the factory inspector is as much a part of Lancashire life as her strikes and her lockouts and her football fever.

Fresh Facts

About Things of Interest that Appear in the Newspapers.

TEN guineas was paid at Sotheby's for a lock of Dickens' hair, his prayer-book, and an autograph letter.

WIRELESS telephonic communication has this week been carried on between stations 420 miles apart. A year ago the limit was thirty-five miles.

GERMANY will establish a record in 1911 by launching six new Dreadnoughts. Up to now no more than five of these monster ships have been launched by any one country in one year.

BIG game hunting by airship is the very latest form of sport. Mr. Hubert Latham, the airman, is now in California, intent upon shooting grizzly bears and mountain lions from his monoplane.

BOTH spinsters and bachelors are in future to be taxed in Russia, the Duma having passed a measure to that effect. In Bulgaria bachelors over 30 already have to pay a tax of 8s. 4d. a year.

IN 1832, just before the passing of the first Reform Bill, the number of electors in the United Kingdom was only 930,000 out of a population of over 24,000,000. Now there are 7,705,717 electors out of an estimated population of nearly 45,000,000.

MR. CARNEGIE has given £2,000,000 for the promotion of universal peace. This is the largest sum ever given for one object by any one man during his lifetime, and brings the total of Mr. Carnegie's gifts for public objects up to over £35,000,000.

A MR. HARVARD, of Breconshire, who weighed 33 stone, died the other day, and the papers called him a "modern Daniel Lambert." But Dan weighed 53 stone—which is a record. The next best was Leo Whitton, a Cheshire worthy, who scaled 50 stone.

THE first fortnight in December smashed all records for continual wet weather. But the record for severity still rests with August, 1857, when, during a storm at Scarborough, nine inches and three-quarters were registered—at which figure the gauge broke down.

OVER twenty million parcels and letters have gone astray this year through the Post Office, but this is not due to any carelessness on the part of the officials, as all the packages have been either completely unaddressed, unpacked, or in other ways carelessly posted.

ACCORDING to a Home Office return just issued, the General Election last January cost the candidates £1,236,382, the average value of each vote polled being 3s. 11d. The vote of the General Election which has just been fought is likely to be slightly greater, as fewer were cast.

THURSDAY, January 17th, is to witness the launching of the Thames Dreadnought *Thunderer* at Canning Town. Great care will have to be taken, for when the battleship *Albion* was launched near the same spot in 1898, the backwash from the narrow stream swept away and drowned nearly forty people.

It is semi-officially announced that the total production of gold in 1910 will be found to have been slightly in excess of £100,000,000. This is more than ever before in the world's history, and is more than four times as much as was produced ten years ago, in 1900, when the output was only £24,000,000.

THE Spanish Parliament, whose members, like ours, are agitating for payment for their services, would be a paradise for children, for unlimited barley-sugar is supplied free during the debates. The curious custom dates from the days when Spain owned all the West Indies, whence came the entire sugar supply of the world.

A RISE is threatened in the price of tea, which is to-day cheaper than it ever was before. When first introduced into England it sold for from £6 to £10 the pound. But a record was set up in London on May 7th, 1891, when a small parcel of a certain very choice brand was bought at public auction by Messrs. Whitworth, Hillyard, and Wade, tea merchants, for £23 10s. per pound.

THE great shipyard lock-out and strike has ended with a loss of £1,250,000. The most costly strike on record was that of the engineers, which began in 1883, and lasted for two and a half years. About £1,600,000 was forfeited in wages, the Amalgamated Society paid away £400,000 in strike pay, and the masters lost £3,000,000—total loss £5,000,000.

I will give five P.W. Match-boxes for the best attempts. Mark postcards "Resolve." (See page 360.)

TRUNCHEON V. PISTOL.

Other Occasions on which Brave Policemen Have Been Shot while on Duty.

PROFESSIONAL burglars on business bent very rarely carry revolvers, despite the generally accepted belief to the contrary.

Burglars are not fools. They know perfectly well that if they are caught with firearms in their possession in the act of committing a burglary that they are very lucky indeed if they get off with anything less than twenty years' penal servitude, whereas if unarmed they may get as little as six months' imprisonment.

For this reason there are very few people who can call to mind anything even remotely approaching the recent murderous affray with armed burglars near Houndsditch. Of course there was the Tottenham shooting affair, which nearly everyone will remember. But that was not a case of burglary, but of attempted highway robbery, carried out in broad daylight.

To get anything at all closely resembling the Houndsditch crime we must go back to the famous Netherby Hall burglary, which took place exactly twenty-five years ago. Three men were engaged in this, and they were all thorough-paced villains with the blackest of records.

Indeed, the leader of the gang, John Martin, was even then "wanted" for having been concerned in the murder of Inspector Symmonds near Romford a short while previously, and the other two knew that they were sure of long penal servitude terms if once they were caught. So they armed themselves for the "job," and when the police tackled them in the midst of it they used their weapons with terrible effect.

One policeman was shot dead, two others were seriously wounded with bullets, a fourth had his skull split by a blow from the butt-end of a revolver. The robbers escaped in the confusion, but a hue and cry was raised over the whole country, and eventually they were seized and overpowered by railway men at Tobay Station and tied to telegraph poles. They were all three hanged.

Charles Peace was a typical armed burglar. He always carried a revolver, and it was his practice to strap it to his wrist, so as to make sure of having it handy when the time came for using it. Two murders, one of a police-constable, were known

to have been committed by him, and it is probable that there were others.

He was arrested at last at Blackheath by a policeman named Robinson, who stumbled across him quite accidentally just as he was in the act of coming out of a house he had burgled.

Peace fired a number of shots at the officer, but the latter, though badly wounded, closed with his assailant, and succeeded in overpowering him after a desperate struggle, in the course of which the burglar, having emptied all the chambers of his revolver, tried to use a long, keen-bladed knife, which he drew from a seam-pocket in his trouser-leg.

Another notorious criminal who made a practice of always carrying firearms was Wright, "the Hoxton burglar." He worked with a man named Wheatley, an "old lag," who also went armed.

On July 18th, 1884, this precious pair broke into a furrier's shop at Hoxton. The alarm was given and the place was surrounded, whereupon the two burglars walked calmly out of the front door and started firing into the cordon of policemen, who were of course unarmed. One officer fell shot through the body, another had his thigh shattered, besides other wounds. Eventually, however, both ruffians were arrested, Wright on top of a roof where he had taken refuge, and whence he continued firing at his pursuers until he was overpowered.

A typical armed burglar of a peculiarly dangerous type was Orrock, who was hanged for the murder of Police-constable Cole at Dalston on the night of December 1st, 1882. By day this youthful desperado was an industrious workman, and posed as a rather goody-goody young man, a teetotaler, and an ardent chapel-goer. By night he went burgling, fully armed.

For a long time he escaped, for he was altogether unknown to the police, and neither they nor anybody else suspected him. Poor Cole came across him by accident as he was in the act of breaking at midnight into the very chapel where he used to worship, or pretend to worship, during the day time. Orrock shot the officer dead, and escaped; to be arrested, however, nearly two years later, under circumstances which render the case one of the strangest in criminal history.

Shall we do it now, or wait till Martin comes?

"JOHNNIE, your mother tells me that you are developing an ear for music?"
"Yes, mum; but this ain't it. I got this in a fight."

SPORTING SNIPPETS.

Some Special Pars About All Sorts of Sports and Pastimes.

It is quite a common thing in South Africa for working men to have £5 or £10 on the big English races.

LASKER, who won the eleventh game against Janowski, is now the acknowledged chess champion of the world.

OXFORD and Cambridge are shortly to contest a game of hockey on roller skates at the Earl's Court Skating Rink.

LORD DERBY has kept the promise he made that if his horse Swynford won the St. Leger he would present the 5th Liverpool Battalion Territorials Force with new bushies.

SINCE cock-fights have been banned in America, a new gambling sport, which consists of feeding two fowls with liquor, and seeing which can remain on its feet the longest has become very popular.

SHARP, the Lancashire cricketer, received a cheque for £1,680 as his benefit, at a dinner given recently in commemoration of their double score of more than 400 runs, in the games against Notts and Hants.

EVERY Australian cricketer who is fortunate enough to be chosen for all the five Test Matches against the South Africans will be £125 in pocket. The terms are £25 per match, travelling expenses, and 12s. a day hotel allowance.

ONLY five years of age, Master Noel Charlton recently won a handsome silver cup and also a gold medal, as being the youngest champion trick and fancy skater. He has been named, by those who have seen him, "the Miniature Marvel."

A CHALLENGE has been thrown out for sword swinging by Harry Delay (late of South Africa). He is willing to be matched to swing swords, army fashion, against anyone for style and variety of movements for a side stake and the best purse offered.

H. L. V. Ross, the crack walker, went out to Milan recently to compete in a race, but the long voyage put him off his form, and he was forced to retire. Another match was arranged for his especial benefit, and he not only won by a substantial margin, but lowered record.

Picture Pars

THE SADDLER'S VICE.

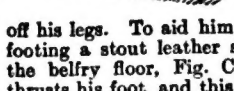
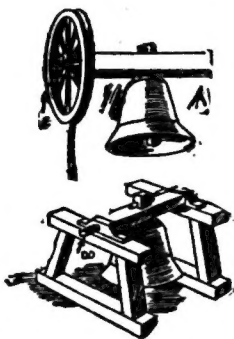
WHEN a saddler has to sew two pieces of leather together he places them in position, and then puts them in a cramp which he uses instead of a vice. Harness being heavy and cumbersome a saddler does the major portion of his work when seated, holding the cramp between his knees. The cramp consists of two curved boards about half an inch in thickness fastened together at the bottom, the natural springiness of the wood being sufficient to cause the jaws at the top to grip tightly any article inserted between them.

HANDY FOR CYCLISTS.

THE curious "stile" shown in the illustration is designed for the benefit of cyclists who wish to wheel their machines over the footpath. It is used principally in connection with level crossings. The cranks of the bicycle are placed in a horizontal position, and the machine can then be wheeled through the opening, thus saving the owner the trouble of lifting his bicycle over the top.

SAFETY FOR RINGERS.

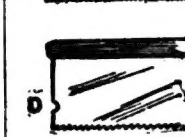
RINGING church bells is an art. If an inexperienced person tried to do it he would probably get a tremendous swing but no sound. Fig. A shows how a bell is hung, many of the timbers of the frame being omitted for the sake of clearness. On the end of the axle, a large wheel, like that shown, is fitted; this has a groove in the rim, in which the rope, which is fastened at the point E, runs. The rope thus almost incircles the wheel. When the bell is raised to a nearly vertical position much rope is drawn down, and when the bell falls the rope is swiftly drawn up again, and the ringer has to exercise discretion or he will get entangled. He must also check it at the right moment. In doing the latter he may almost or quite be lifted off his legs. To aid him and enable him to keep his footing a stout leather strap is frequently nailed to the belfry floor, Fig. C, through which the ringer thrusts his foot, and this enables him to stand firm.



A SAW GAUGE.

CARPENTERS who frequently have to make several cuts of equal depth in a piece of wood with a saw will find the device illustrated here exceedingly useful. This gauge is made by screwing a thin strip of wood, A,

to a similar piece on the opposite side of the blade. Measure the depth the incision is to be and fix the lower side of the strip at that distance from the saw, taking care to keep it parallel with the teeth. Then screw the two strips together at B and C.



If much work has to be done, a small notch (D) may be filed in the blade at each end and the screw passed through, as shown in the second illustration, to prevent any chance of the gauge slipping.

A SIGNAL REPEATER.

THE instrument shown in the illustration is known to signalmen as a signal-repeater. It is found in most signal-cabins.

The contrivance consists of a miniature signal inside a glass-fronted case, which is connected by electric wires to the real working signal outside.

When the arm of the signal is lowered for a train to pass the repeater shows at a glance whether the apparatus is working in a satisfactory manner, as any failure to act on the part of the real signal prevents the repeater working.

The repeater is especially valuable in foggy weather when the signalman is unable to see the outside signals.



2^d a Day Livers



Men and Women who Have
Really Lived the Simple Life.

THE late Professor Mayor's food bill amounted to between twopence and threepence a day, and must come very near being a record for simple living. Often his dinner would consist of a single banana, "washed down" with half a glass of "neat" water!

Two years ago the simple life was practised with a vengeance at the Lady Margaret Hospital at Bromley, in Kent. The particular diet chosen was carrots!

For a week the doctors, nurses, and many of the patients and minor officials lived entirely on carrots. Carrots for breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper. Carrot water and carrot milk took the place of tea and coffee. Carrot jellies, carrot salads, carrot jam, and a dozen other carrot delicacies were feasted on day after day.

One noticeable result of this extraordinary craze was that the complexions of the nurses assumed a delicate rosy tint!

The general idea, in attempting to live on as little food as possible, seems to be to insure that one's life, like Mr. Alfred Lester's, shall be always merry and bright.

Meals of Raw Meat and Fish.

Mr. Upton Sinclair, the well-known author of "The Jungle," is a firm believer in the fasting cure when one is "run down." He has declared that he never feels fitter than when undergoing his "air-and-water" treatment.

A few years ago a man in a good position at Carlisle, whose health was breaking up, shunned both physicians and medicines and took himself to the woods. He became so reconciled to his new mode of living that nothing would induce him to return to the strenuous life of the city.

He slept in the open without any covering whatever, and his food consisted mainly of raw meat and raw fish, for he gave up the civilised method of cooking his meals. His open life was looked upon with suspicion by his relatives, who actually had an inquiry made into the state of his mind! Diets, though, of this kind are much more pleasant to read about than to imitate.

Mr. Wade, of Molesey, in Surrey, is another who has followed in the footsteps of Professor Mayor. About a year and a half ago he came to the conclusion that he was suffering from over-eating, and day by day he reduced the quantity of his meals until now he is quite accustomed to fasting for periods of from ten to thirty days at a time.

Many Londoners, too, will recall how a few years ago a man, clothed in a loose flowing robe and carrying a parasol, was to be seen walking in Hyde Park. On his feet he wore a pair of sandals.

Wherever he went he was followed by a crowd of people cheering ironically. So great, indeed, was the number that followed and criticised this gentleman that the police were compelled to warn him to take his walks abroad in a less-frequented spot.

Huts with Only Three Sides.

But the open-air, simple-life treatment has been in vogue on the Continent for many years now. In fact, it was first advocated over fifty years ago by a Dr. Arnold Rikli. Now there are three establishments in his name in Austria.

The patients live in three-sided huts, the open side looking on a lake. The food supplied is almost wholly vegetarian, breakfast consisting of bread, milk, and honey.

Scanty clothing, as loose as possible, is worn, and men and women take regular walks in all sorts of weathers—rain or snow or sunshine.

Miss M. Estelle Long, second daughter of the well-known writer and authority on agriculture, braved the winter of two years ago in the Surrey woods, her house consisting of a flimsy tent.

There, near the Leith Hill, shoeless and stockingless, this educated woman went back to the life of her forefathers. She put her simple life to some use, however, for she cultivated some acres of land and took up poultry-farming with some measure of success.

One thing there is to be said for this simple life existence, and that is that the majority of people who undergo it are brought back to a state of health that cannot be approached by any of the dwellers in the towns.

OUR "KNOWLEDGE TESTS."

Six More Half-guineas Offered to
Readers this Week.

AWARDS IN CONTEST No. 5.

(1) LYNCH LAW.

The winning attempt was submitted by G. Healey, 16 Victoria Street, Small Heath, Birmingham, to whom the prize of 10s. 6d. has been sent. His definition was as follows:

The name "Lynch" was that of a United States farmer of the eighteenth century, who disposed of all his prisoners, political or criminal, by summarily hanging them. The term "Lynch Law" is used to-day to describe any rough administration of justice by a mob.

(2) MOST FAVOURED NATION.

The prize of 10s. 6d. was won by Harry C. Mackinnon, 35 Snow Hill, Birmingham, who sent the following explanation:

The nations who impose a tariff on imports have what may be termed a "sliding scale" of classes into which the foreign countries are placed. The one against which is imposed the lowest scale of import duties is naturally the "most favoured." Hence the phrase.

(3) HABEAS CORPUS.

The prize of 10s. 6d. for the best explanation of the term "Habeas Corpus" has been awarded to James A. Banks, 3 Cecil Place, Ibrox, Glasgow, who submitted the following:

"Habeas Corpus," Latin for "You have the body." An Act in force since 1679. It limits the time between the apprehension of a supposed criminal and his trial, and renders it impossible for any sovereign to keep individuals in prison at his pleasure.

(4) MARE'S NEST.

Miss Hood, 13 Seaview Terrace, Lipton, Plymouth, was the winner of the prize of 10s. 6d. for the best explanation of the term, Mare's Nest. The following was her definition:

Mare's Nest means something ridiculously absurd, a tale about any person or thing which on investigation proves to be absolutely untrue and foolish.

(5) LEGAL FICTION.

The prize of 10s. 6d. has been awarded to H. C. Martin, 7 Hardrow Road, Wortley, Leeds, for the following:

Some of our English laws are very ancient, and to adapt these laws to the changed conditions of modern life, legal administrators have occasionally to assume the existence of a fact which is really non-existent, or which cannot be legally proved. This is known as a Legal Fiction.

(6) CATCHING A TARTAR.

The explanation selected as the best was submitted by Mrs. L. Mattheus, 15 Newcastle Road, Wavertree, Liverpool, who wrote as follows:

Catching a Tartar is a term applied to cases where one antagonist, having apparently captured another, is overpowered and gets the worst of the encounter.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST.

You will often see, when reading a speech or an article, that some word or phrase is used which, though easily understood by most, is not to be found in the dictionary.

In our everyday conversation, too, we are in the habit of employing phrases which would cause us no little trouble to define properly.

You are probably familiar with every word in the following list.

Nevertheless, we will give half-a-guinea to readers who send in the best definition in ordinary, common-sense language of any one of the words or phrases:

- (1) Pocket Borough.
- (2) Limited Liability Company.
- (3) Returning Officer.
- (4) Little Englanders.
- (5) Debenture.
- (6) To be Elected to Parliament by a Minority Vote.

First of all write the word or phrase you choose on the back of a postcard, and put your explanation in as short and precise a way as you can—in any case, you must not exceed fifty words—and attach your name and address.

You may send in your explanation of all the six if you like, but each must be written on a separate postcard.

Address your postcard to the "Test" Editor, Pearson's Weekly, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., to arrive not later than Thursday, January 5th.



English Girl Welly Badly Taught

Where I Think the American Mother Scores in
Educating Her Girls.

By Madame CHUNG.

(Madame Chung, the celebrated Chinese actress, is now appearing for the first time in England at the Little Theatre, London.)

POSSIBLY many of you will disagree with me when I say that I think the American is generally more successful in the education of her girls than the English mother.

I do not mean by this that the American gives her children a better education, but merely that she conducts that education on better lines.

The difference lies in the fact that the American mother develops—or, shall I say, allows the child to develop?—her own individuality, while the Englishwoman is brought up on conventional lines and her own personality not brought out at all.

Almost all the failures one meets in life are due to this insular idea in the matter of education and to the theory that what suits one child must necessarily suit another, though a moment's reflection must prove the complete fallacy of such a creed.

The success of the American business man or woman is due to his or her own personality which has been developed from infancy. The American child is encouraged to think, to observe things and form her own conclusions, and, above all, to express them.

Personality Makes and Mars.

Undoubtedly the American child is not so easily managed as the English one. The latter is told to keep quiet, not to say what she thinks, not to show what she feels; and this training goes on year by year until, as a grown woman, she is merely an echo of others—one of a crowd instead of an individual.

It is the man or woman with a personality who makes a mark in the world, who inspires confidence in her employers in business or shines in society or the arts; but that personality must be given a chance to develop, and it is in this that the American mother succeeds so well.

One hears a great deal about personal magnetism and the success it meets with in life. Personal magnetism is merely a strong individuality which has been allowed to develop on its own lines. Once those who have the care of the youngsters can be brought to realise the importance of this personality in after-life, they will treat it as a most necessary part of their education.

The little American girl is always more difficult to manage—on account of her self-assertion—than the English girl of the same age, but this may surely be pardoned on account of the benefit to the child in after-life.

Quite recently I heard someone wondering why it was that a party of Englishwomen at lunch or tea without men companions always appeared so bored with each other's society, and yet the same number of American women would be genuinely interested in one another.

American Women Have Hobbies.

The reason lies in the difference in their education and upbringing. The Englishwomen having all been brought up in the same groove, they seem to take no special interest in each other; each one does the same thing at the same time every day.

The American women have each their own interests and hobbies. One is studying at college, another is interested in something else; they all have their special pursuits, their own points of view on all subjects; therefore they cannot bore one another like the Englishwomen, who have each the same point of view.

And let me remind you that the Englishwoman who has views of her own on any given subject is very often voted rather eccentric by her friends, and very frequently she is rather shunned.

The Englishwoman has many great qualities, among them some which even those clever American women might emulate, steadfastness and loyalty. The Englishwoman is brave and has a mind of her own, and if her conventional education does not allow her the same advantages of expressing it as her American sisters enjoy, the fault is not hers.

My Notebook

TO ACHIEVE SUCCESS AS A JOURNALIST.

Journalism shorthand is almost indispensable. As a reporter on a daily newspaper you will have at least twenty different things to do in the course of a week. Very often you will have to record quick impressions under difficulties.

I have known a reporter leave his notebook behind, take off his collar, and fill that with shorthand notes.

And you may be sent to see some hustling head of a business who would not give you the interview if he found you making laborious longhand notes.

Success as a journalist depends largely on the possession of a series of qualities, amongst them some facility for writing picturesque and snapshot English, an extensive knowledge of who's who and what's what, of politics, sport, art, literature, and drama, some acquaintance with the French and German languages, untiring industry, indefatigable persistence and resource, and a temperament of unflinching optimism.

The journalist's life is one of the most interesting, eventful, and educational to be found in any branch of business, because, as I have said above, he may have to do twenty different things intelligently in the course of a week.

It takes a well-read and knowledgeable man to fulfil these tasks. An editor usually picks out the best journalist to do the best job, and occasionally, SHORTHAND, he has a keen sense of humour.

In one London newspaper office not so long ago a new and young reporter appeared one morning in light summer clothes, straw hat, patent leather boots, and white spats. He went to the editor and asked what he was to do that day. The editor took a quiet look at him and said, "Go and make a thorough investigation of the sewers of London."

AND AS A WRITER OF PLAIN AND SIMPLE ENGLISH.

EVERY now and again the editor of this paper gives

good advice to literary aspirants when he is compelled to return their stories or articles. The best advice he gives is when he tells beginners to use the simplest and shortest words that everybody knows instead of long and unknown words.

Of course it is most instructive to come across a big unknown word—very, if the average reader would only look up in some dictionary the real meaning of it, but as a rule he won't; he only makes a guess at it.

And it's wonderful how many words there are in this English language of ours that people think they can interpret when they can't.

Here is a sentence written by Herbert Spencer: "Evolution is an integration of matter and a concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation."

These thirty-seven words are quite intelligible, of course, to scientists for whom they were intended.

I suggest to any reader of this paper who is endeavouring to cultivate easy methods of expression that it would be an instructive experiment for him to translate the above sentence into one hundred simple words, so that the average newspaper reader could understand it.

EAT CRUSTS.

I CAME across a mother the other day who refused to allow her child of four to eat the crust of bread. This mother was very foolish. Every child, every grown-up person, for that matter, with teeth should chew, more or less, hard, dry substances.

Half the bad teeth of this country come from the persistent habit of eating too rapidly, and then only substances that can be masticated and swallowed quickly.

Soft food does not bring enough saliva into the mouth to properly digest it. Hard food does. Every baby as soon as it begins to get teeth should be allowed a soft crust, not a crackly one, each day. I should be carefully watched, of course, to see it does not swallow this whole.

Almost every man has strength enough in his lower jaw to lift a trunk or a man of his own weight.

IN reply to SHORTHAND: Yes, for the young beginner in

Why do you suppose that great strength in the muscles of the jaw was given to you? To talk with? No, to chew with; and have you ever studied your teeth and thought of their extraordinary adaptation to their work—the front teeth to cut off, and the big, broad back teeth to chew with? Do you suppose these teeth were given to a creature meant to live on bread and milk?

So chew hard things and preserve your teeth and your health.

CAN WE MAKE PEOPLE LOVE US?

F. C. D. propounds quite an interesting question. He

writes: "I am very much in love with a young lady here and want to marry her, but she refuses, saying that she does not love me, and never can. I maintain that she can and will learn to love me in time. Don't you think such a thing is possible?"

Maybe, but it is a mighty dangerous experiment to handle. Cleopatra, when she was seventeen years old, went through just the same experience, F. C. D., as you are now suggesting. She tried hard to conquer Cæsar and make him love her. Cæsar was polite and attentive, but that was all. Cleopatra got on better with Antony, and that was unlucky for Antony.

I don't profess to be an expert in love matters, so you must take any advice I give for what it may be worth. But I think if I was in love with a girl who would have to go through a course of instruction after marriage before she could love me in return, then, well, I think I'd look around for another girl.

You might reasonably hope to make this girl love you if you could take her off to a desert island with no chance of a ship ever landing there. Every human being must love something. If it can't get what it wants, it will love what it can get.

DON'T FORGET TO TAKE SOME CHILD TO THE PANTOMIME.

I SEE by the papers that this Christmas

several more pantomimes will finish up without the Harlequinade. That is a pity, because the clown does more good to children than a dozen doctors.

The pantomime was made for the children, and he is a poor sort of creature who does not take a party of youngsters, or at least one child, to a pantomime once a year.

The human being most in need of amusement, most stimulated and educated by it, is the child.

If you are an old bachelor or an old maid, and your relatives have no children, if some day you are feeling crusty and in the dumps, then go and borrow some neighbour's child and take it to the pantomime.

It won't do so much good to go by yourself. If you want your full meed of enjoyment you will have to watch the child's face as much as the stage.

THE REYNOLDS FAMILY.

I WANT to thank those readers who kindly sent me contributions. I am printing no list of names or amounts, feeling sure the donors, most of whom were anonymous, will take my word that everything received was sent to the right quarter.

PETER KEARY.

RESULT OF THREAD CONTEST.

THE correct lengths of the threads, which made up the words "Heartiest Xmas Greetings" were 16in., 10½in., and 17½in. respectively. So many readers submitted the correct figures that, instead of giving a money award, we are presenting each with a handsome gold-plated pencil-case:

J. Ludford, Coventry; V. McCabe, Southend-on-Sea; C. Allison, Wyke Regis; J. Wainley, Nottingham; W. O. Humphreys, Bradford; Mrs. Derrick, Clapham Junction, S.W.; C. Budd, Hove; H. May, Bridgeton, Glasgow; G. Broadrib, Woolwich; H. Booth, Southbourne; Miss L. Liddell, Darlington; R. Smith, Torrance; Miss R. Potter, Le Havre; W. Harding, Warrnam; D. Griffiths, Wolverhampton; C. G. Hawkins, Farnham; Miss E. Northmore, D'port; B. Blatch, Hale; G. H. Heathcock, Wednesfield; Wm. Ball, East Sheen; J. G. Clark, Thornton Heath; F. Morris, Chatham; C. Middleton, Nottingham; Miss G. Pratt, Clapham Rd., S.W.; A. B. Dyke, Streatham; Mrs. J. Kingston, Folkestone; Miss J. Trigg, Lower Edmonden; R. Walford, Colchester; Mrs. D. Hill, South Norwood; H. H. Evans, Abergavenny; H. Thirkell, Seaton Carew; H. W. Jackson, Ponder's End; J. Eustace, Dublin; B. Jenkins, Forres; W. Dent, Cossett; A. Hawkins, Reading; G. Noble, Anderson, Glasgow; L. M. Page, Exeter; Mrs. Power, Southgate; H. Turner, Selly Oak, B'ham; P. C. Blower, Erith; Mrs. Lamburn, Westbourne Square, W.; J. Reader, Hockley; Miss E. Williams, Cambridge; D. O'Callaghan, Peckham Pk. Rd., S.E.; Miss H. Child, Hastings; F. Palmer, Hitchin; S. Vinnell, Clifton; Mrs. G. Gower, Boreham Wood.

WILL YOU BE OUR GUEST?

100 Free Trips to London, Given Away.

On April 22nd next the English Cup-tie Final will be played at the Crystal Palace, and we now have pleasure in offering to readers one hundred free five-shilling seats in the grand stand to witness the match.

Such tickets, however, will be probably of little use to many readers, if, in order to use them, they have to pay their fare to London and all their expenses while there. We therefore shall have much pleasure in defraying the cost in each case as follows:

Free return railway ticket from any part of the United Kingdom to London.

Hot breakfast.

A drive in a char-a-banc round London.

Hot dinner at twelve o'clock.

A drive to the Crystal Palace.]

Admission to the Palace.

Five-Shilling seat in the Grand Stand to witness the match.

A drive back from the Crystal Palace to London.

Substantial Tea.

There are many readers who would thoroughly enjoy this trip. But some of you may not care to make it alone. It is always jollier to go with a friend, and therefore we have divided the hundred tickets into fifty pairs, and

SHALL AWARD THEM IN COUPLES.

This means that if you want to go and see the Cup Final free of charge, you have only to find a friend who would like to go with you, and if you win, the expenses of both will be paid, and you can travel down together, spend the day in London together, and go back together.

This sounds just ideal, doesn't it?

Even if you do not want to see the match yourself, you can come to London and do what you like until the time to return.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

The little task which you are asked to perform to gain a ticket is very simple. This week we give you the name of the popular football club, ASTON VILLA, and we wish you to make a phrase or sentence of three words, the initials of which must be A. S. T., the three first letters of the name Aston Villa. You may use these three letters in any order you like if it will help you to make a better sentence or phrase.

This sentence or phrase we have decided to call a "Football Header."

Here is an example, which must not be used, which shows at a glance how to make "Football Headers": ASTON Villa—Always Seen Trying.

When you have made your "Football Header," which can be either serious or humorous, write it down in the space provided on the entry-form, and sign your name underneath. Then ask the person whom you wish to go with you to the Cup Final to put his or her name and address beneath yours.

Four free tickets—two pairs—are offered this week for the best Football Headers, and the number will be increased from time to time until the hundred have been allotted.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out, and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. No other communication to be enclosed.

2. Mark your envelope "Football Headers No. 2" in the top left-hand corner, and post your attempt to arrive not later than first post Thursday, January 6th.

3. The prizes will be awarded for the attempts considered the best. After these have been selected a free invitation to view the English Cup Final will be sent to the four readers whose names appear on the two winning entry forms.

4. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

5. The published decision is final and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

ENTRY FORM. "FOOTBALL HEADERS" No. 2.

(Write your three words clearly in ink.)

.....

.....

.....

Signed

Address

.....

Signed

Address

.....



Showing How the Wild Creatures Behave when Their Homes are Under Water.

We human beings are badly distressed should a few million tons of water overflow the Seine and Thames.

In this respect the inferior creatures are our superiors. At all seasons of the year the country is liable to flood, and not only do most of the animals escape, but some resort to the most ingenious dodges to keep the waters at a distance.

A good many of the insects are first-rate floaters and swimmers. A naturalist once experimented with a kitchen cockroach. The cockroach was caught and put into a small box. The box was gently dropped into the middle of a bowl of water and the lid doffed removed.

Mr. Cockroach at once emerged, but finding himself surrounded on all sides by water looked about him and turned round and round with all the hesitation of a castaway.

Earwigs Paddle to Safety.

But after a few anxious wavings of his long antennae he evidently perceived the distant shore, for with the leap of a swimmer he splashed into the water and made straight for the side of the bowl.

All fast running beetles are as capable as the cockroach. The sluggish, slow-crawling ones are waterproof, and so light in comparison to their bulk that they can always float in times of flood to a place of safety.

An earwig, if pushed under water, sinks and drowns in a few minutes. But if overtaken by a flood in a state of Nature, he not only keeps himself afloat, but can paddle briskly with his six legs like

a dog and wriggle himself along with his nipped tail like a tadpole.

The woodlouse cannot swim at all, but when dropped into the water invariably turns over and floats on its back. The reason for this is that the breathing apparatus of a woodlouse is on its underside, while its back is shaped like a boat.

No caterpillar can swim, and yet few people would guess that some caterpillars are masters of the art of staying off flood.

There is the caterpillar of the lappetmoth, for instance, that inhabits marshy districts.

When November sets in it buries itself at the roots of a bush, sleeping there head downwards till the return of spring. During the long, dark winter months the bush is flooded out, i.e., submerged in four or five inches of water. But to protect itself the creature smoothes the stem on which it sleeps with waterproof web.

Kangaroos Can Swim Bays.

Further still, Nature has clothed it from head to tail in dense waterproof hair, which presses the surrounding water away so as to form an air bubble. In this air bubble the caterpillar remains quite dry till the flood subsides.

Nearly all the higher animals swim well, and those that cannot—as in the case of some land tortoises—manage to float in times of flood. The tortoise that cannot swim usually holds his nose out of the water and keeps quite still until he touches land. One of the reasons why so heavy a reptile keeps above water lies in the fact that a quantity of air remains inside the shell and is kept there by the pressure of the water from beneath.

Serpents progress through the water by a spiral movement of the body. Alligators swim with their tails like gigantic tadpoles. The kangaroo is a magnificent swimmer and can cross bays many miles in width.

Among the few creatures that by nature cannot swim at all are garden spiders, the centipede, and the earthworm. Mankind and the earthworm are among the few that sink directly they are thrown in.

HAD NO CHANCE.

A HUSBAND was being arraigned in court in a suit brought by his wife for cruelty.

"I understand, sir," said counsel, addressing the husband. "that one of the indignities you have showered upon your wife is that you have not spoken to her for three years. Is that so?"

"It is," quickly answered the husband.

"Well, sir," thundered the counsel, "why didn't you speak to her, may I ask?"

"Simply," replied the husband, "because I didn't want to interrupt her." Case dismissed.

A TEACHER once asked a class of boys what was grass. A little hand went up.

"Well, Johnny?" the teacher asked.

"Please, miss," Johnny replied, "grass is the whiskers of the earth."

Shall we do it now, or wait till Martin comes?

"THERE is no doubt about it," said Mr. Noter, "he is a cultivated musician."

"And what is your idea of a cultivated musician?" asked his friend.

"One who plays things you don't care to hear, and talks about them in a way you can't understand."

HIS BIT OF LUCK.

AFTER suffering a roaring toothache for fourteen days, Tommy consented to visit the dentist's.

"But he'll kill me!" asserted the nervous youngster on the verge of tears. "I know he'll kill me!"

But it was a case of choosing between two evils.

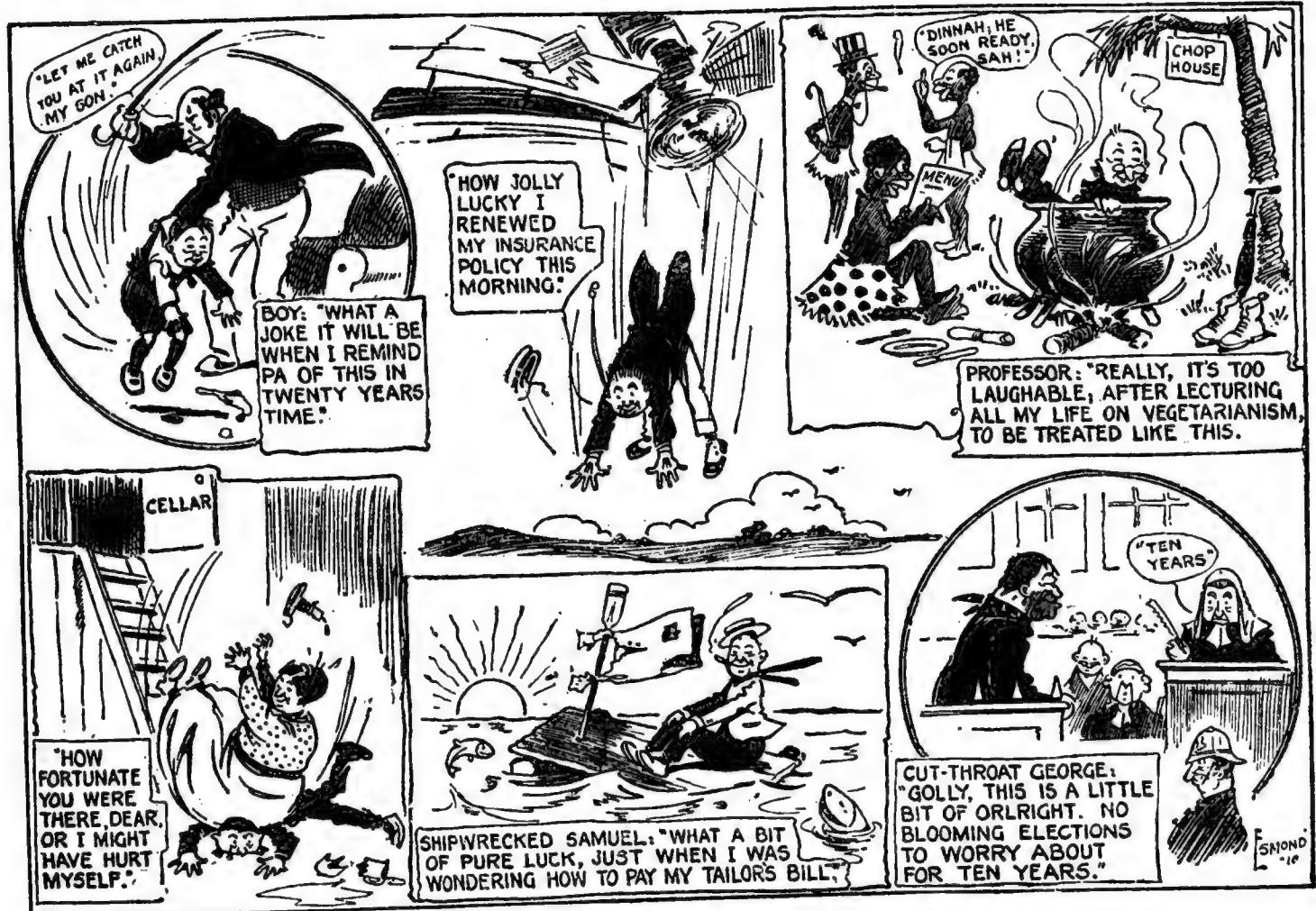
He went with his nurse, and when he returned, greeted his mother beamingly.

"Not dead?" bantered mamma.

"No," answered Tommy; "cos just before the dentist killed me the toof came out!"

ALWAYS LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

The old proverb tells us that "every cloud has a silver lining," and lately we have been advised more than ever that we must greet trouble with a smile if we wish to live and be healthy. Below our cartoonist shows the proper spirit to cultivate.



I will give ten safety razors for the best lists. Mark postcards "Edit." (See page 360.)



The Green Diamond Ring

It was a Family Heirloom, and Nearly Led to a Terrible Tragedy.

Related by E. NEWTON-BUNGEY.

"My own invention," said Mr. Samuel Popky proudly. "Absolutely burglar-proof." He pointed to a small steel casket which lay on the table.

"What's it for?" asked Lord Clapham, the last descendant of a noble, but disgraceful house.

"That's to protect my ring," said Mr. Popky, with the air of one imparting a State secret. "When I ain't wearin' the ring it'll be locked up safe in the little box I have here."

"My own invention," he repeated, gazing at the child of his genius with fatherly pride.

"But what's to prevent Mr. Sykes walking off with the whole bag of tricks?" asked Lord Clapham. "Even if he couldn't open it, you lose the ring anyway. What?"

Mr. Popky's face lost its air of serene contentment, and a troubled expression came into his eyes.

"Oh, 'Eavens! I never thought o' that," he muttered.

"No good putting a patent lock on the stab'o door if the burglars collar the stable as well as the gee," remarked his lordship.

The effort pleased him. "Rather good that—what?"

Mr. Samuel Popky was a millionaire several times over, Lord Clapham was one several times removed—quite a number of times, in fact.

Boots and shoes had made Mr. Popky's money. He had commenced life as a hand in a boot factory, saved enough money to open a small shop, which in course of time became Popky's Emporium and covered acres and acres besides a multitude of sins.

He obtained many Government contracts, and was a good friend of the paper trade. He had a notice up: "Try Popky's boots once, and you'll come again."

The notice was, alas, only too true, for people came very soon to have the boots repaired or to buy another pair, for Popky's boots, like himself, were cheap, and the great B.P. is always satisfied if it saves half-a-crown in the beginning and wastes a sovereign in the end.

Of course, to roll in wealth after having been a factory hand is greatly to be commended. But, unfortunately, wealth did not improve Mr. Popky. With each year he became coarser, more blatant, more pleased with himself, more convinced that he was "it."

His wife was similar. They possessed one child—a girl—who had developed into an abominable prig, thanks to her parents' teaching that she was the daughter of the great Popky.

Mr. Popky had determined that she should marry into the nobility, and he had got hold of a scion of this class in the shape of Lord Clapham—a young man with no morals and no money.

It was these four interesting people who were gazing at Mr. Popky's invention in a room of the millionaire's mansion in Park Lane.

The ring which the steel casket was to contain was one of Mr. Popky's most cherished possessions.

It contained only one stone, but that was a splendid green diamond. It had cost the millionaire many thousand of pounds, but he had not purchased it because he loved rare and beautiful things.

He had bought it because it was an heirloom of a noble family, the latter having fallen on bad times and been forced to sell the ring. Many well-known people were known to be anxious to possess it, but Mr. Popky outbid them all just to show that he could.

In short, he wanted to give the world further evidence that he was the great, the one and only Popky.

"You ought to keep it on a chain," remarked Miss Dora Popky.

"I dunno," muttered Mr. Popky uncertainly, gazing thoughtfully at the famous ring and his own invention. "Arter wot I paid for it, it seems silly to 'ide it away somewhere."

His original idea had been to put it in the central window of his emporium, and for one day only the famous ring was thus on view. It was then removed at the request of Scotland Yard.

Traffic had been interrupted for hours, and detectives had counted no fewer than forty-three familiar faces in the crowd.

Still, Mr. Popky clung to his advertisement, and the huge card bearing in great letters the information that below was the famous green diamond ring purchased by Samuel Popky, Esq., at such and such a

cost, was left in the window. Underneath, however, was another card which stated that, at the request of Scotland Yard, Samuel Popky, Esq., had removed his ring.

"Wear it round your neck," remarked Mrs. Popky, with one of her brilliant flashes of wit.

"Tee hee!" chipped in Clapham.

A knock at the door cut the discussion short, and a footman in the tasty Popky livery of purple plush tricked out with pale blue and gold entered.

Mr. Popky greeted him nervously as was his wont.

"Well, 'Enery," he said.

"If you please, sir, his Grace the Duke of Eastminster would like to see you," the footman announced.

"The Dook o' Eastminster," repeated Mr. Popky, mousing as though he was chewing the delightful words. "Show 'im into the blue drorin' room."

Mrs. Popky jumped up and moved across the room to a mirror, her bosom palpitating.

"Dora, 'ow do I look?" she panted.

Mr. Popky stopped at the door and looked back.

"Wot's it matter 'ow you look?" he inquired.

"It's me 'is Grace wants to see. You stop where you are."

Mr. Popky walked into the blue drawing-room, trying to look as though the reception of dukes was a part of his daily programme. In consequence, he looked like a convicted felon.

His Grace of Eastminster looked as though he might have stepped out of a fashion plate. He was immaculately garbed in morning-dress, and beautifully groomed.

"I trust you will pardon this intrusion, Mr. Popky," he said, "but I wish to see you on a matter of great importance."

"No intrusion, your Grace, no intrusion," smirked Popky, with a series of jerks.

"The fact of the matter is," began Eastminster, "I have been out of England for a long time, and now that I have returned I hear to my deep regret that the green diamond ring of the Duberton family has been sold. I never expected it to come into the market, but if it did, I meant to purchase it. Now I find you have forestalled me."

"Yes, I picked it up," remarked Mr. Popky carelessly, for he was recovering his normal blatant air. "Sudden fancy, you know."

"I have come to ask you to let me purchase it from you," said his Grace. "Of course, I am prepared to pay you more than you paid for it."

A pained expression crossed Mr. Popky's face. He had already endeavoured to point out that money was no object to him.

"My dear Dook," he said, "it is not a question of money. I should be pleased to make you a present of the ring, but I intend to make it a family heirloom."

"Ah, I wished to do the same," murmured the Duke regretfully, "for we are connected with the Dubertons."

He renewed his overtures, but Mr. Popky was as adamant, although it wrung his heart to have to refuse a duke.

"May I see the ring, Mr. Popky?" his Grace asked at length.

"With pleasure," replied Popky. "I'll fetch it for you."

He hesitated for a moment. The Duke of Eastminster was rarer game than Lord Clapham. Supposing he took a fancy to Dora? How fine it would be to say "My daughter, the Duchess of Eastminster." He knew Dora would not object; she would gladly discard a lord for a duke.

"As a matter o' fact, your Grace," he said, "we was just lookin' at it. Me an' my wife an' my daughter, an' Lord Clapham, 'oo's just payin' a call. P'raps you'll come an' see it with us."

"It will give me great pleasure to meet Mrs. and Miss Popky," said his Grace.

The millionaire led his guest to the room where the council had been taking place.

"Is Grace the Dook o' Eastminster," he said pompously. "Your Grace, permit me to present to you my wife and daughter, and Lord Clapham."

Mrs. Popky wobbled with nervousness. Should she curtsy or offer her hand? She decided to risk the former, but her sixteen stone resented it, and she suddenly became a heap on the floor, causing the room to tremble.

Meanwhile, Dora had put on a frigid expression, which she imagined to be the acme of good breeding. It made her look as though she was smelling something unpleasant.

Clapham, who had not previously been introduced to the Duke, wondered whether the acquaintance would be sufficient for him to call at Eastminster's club and touch him for a "pony."

When Mrs. Popky had been restored to her equilibrium, and Miss Dora looked as though the unpleasant odour was not so pronounced, Mr. Popky picked up the ring and handed it to the Duke.

A rapturous, reverent expression crossed his Grace's features, and a heavy sigh left his lips.

"Ah, what a beauty!" he murmured—"and to think it has passed out of our family."

"His Grace was desirous of purchasin' the ring," announced Mr. Popky.

Lord Clapham thought his chances of securing the pony were rosier. He would call on his Grace and offer his influence.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Popky's thoughts were running in the same groove as her husband's had. She threw out a feeler.

"We wants it for a heirloom, your Grace," she said. "It'll be part o' Dora's marriage portion."

"That, an' about a million," added Mr. Popky complacently.

Tears rose to Lord Clapham's eyes; such prospects almost unnerved him.

But the Duke of Eastminster did not nibble. Instead, an alarming change came over his face.

His eyes began to roll as he glanced in a strange manner at the other occupants of the room. Then he produced a razor from his pocket and opened it, revealing the keen, shining blade.

"Now that I have seen the ring," he said, "I shall cut my throat."

His audience gaped at him in amazed silence, wondering whether it was a curious form of joke.

"I'm sure you'll like to see me do it!" said the Duke naively. "I've never cut my throat before."

"Good Heavens, he's mad!" gasped Lord Clapham, his blotched, unhealthy-looking complexion the colour of putty.

"I think I'd sooner cut your throat first, dear lady," said the Duke, taking a step towards Mrs. Popky. "It would be a bit of practice."

Mrs. Popky tried to scream, but the only sound that left her lips was a shuddering moan.

"The old duke died in an asylum," bleated Lord Clapham. "He nearly murdered two of his servants."

"I know," exclaimed the Duke gleefully. "I'll cut all your throats and then mine. What fun!"

"Who shall be first?" he went on. "How about drawing lots?"

"Ring the bell!" gasped Clapham. "There'll be murder done if you don't."

Mr. Popky took a step towards the electric-bell push, but stopped suddenly as the Duke produced a revolver and levelled it at him.

"No," he said, "we don't want any more people. Five throats will be enough for me to cut."

Dora suddenly groaned and slid senseless to the floor.

"How silly!" said the Duke irritably. "I shall have to wait till she gets better, because she's sure to like to watch me."

Mr. Popky stood like a statue, his face pallid, his eyes bulging. Despite his terror, his brain was working rapidly.

"This won't be a nice room to do it in," he said. "Let's go to another one."

Eastminster shook his head.

"No," he said, "this room is the best. It is ugly, like you and the lady in the chair."

Even in such a moment Mr. Popky's vanity rose triumphant.

"Ugly?" he cried. "Why, me an' the missis chose it all an' paid 'andsome for it."

It was but a flash in the pan, this display of spirit, and a moment later Mr. Popky was reduced to his former condition of incapacity.

The chair Mrs. Popky sat in shook with her, as though in sympathy, whilst Lord Clapham sat on the edge of a settee, his fingers dug into the velvet, staring pitifully at Eastminster and his naked razor.

"Can't you rouse your daughter?" asked the Duke plaintively. "I want to start."

He stropped the razor on the palm of his hand in a professional, but horribly suggestive manner.

"My dear Dook," began Popky, in trembling tones, moving slowly forward.

But he stopped speaking and moving very abruptly as the Duke levelled his revolver at him.

The noise of voices on the stairs brought a sudden wave of hope to the Duke's audience.

"In here, you say?" said a voice outside the door.

Then the latter was jerked open and a man hastened in, an expression of great concern on his face.

When he saw Dora Popky on the floor he stopped suddenly.

"Has he done that?" he cried.

At the sound of the voice the Duke of Eastminster turned, and directly his gaze fell on the newcomer a startling change came over him.

He dropped the razor and revolver, a cringing look came into his eyes, and he shrank back.

"Is she hurt?" asked the man, pointing to Dora.

"No, only fainted," replied Mr. Popky.

"Thank goodness. He's been behaving very funny of late, and I'm in charge of him. My name's Armstrong."

"Now then," he went on, turning to the Duke and speaking as though he were addressing a naughty child.

"Now then, what have you been doing, your Grace?"

"I only wanted to cut their throats," grumbled the Duke.

"Well, you know this isn't the day for throat-cutting," snapped Armstrong. "Friday's the day for that, this is Wednesday."

"Then may I come round on Friday?" asked the Duke eagerly. "I could come earlier, if that would suit you better."

"Say you'll be pleased to see him," whispered Armstrong.

"Glad to see your Grace," spluttered Popky. "Come as early as you like."

"You will like it," exclaimed the Duke. Then he turned to Armstrong, an aggrieved look on his face. "Isn't there anything to do to-day?" he asked peevishly.

"I've got some people waiting for you to drown," answered Armstrong, winking at his audience.

"Oh, how lovely!" cried the Duke. "Come on."

"Mr. Popky had better come to the front door with us to renew his invitation for Friday," whispered Armstrong. "The rest had better stay here, for I can't answer for him in a crowd."

Mrs. Popky flopped down by Dora's side with a sigh of relief, whilst Armstrong and Popky escorted the unfortunate Duke downstairs.

Whilst glad to see the back of his Grace, Mr. Popky could not help regretting the fact that his prospects of Dora becoming a duchess had been nipped in the bud.

But that they apparently had never come into bud at all was evidenced by Armstrong's remark as he assisted Eastminster into a motor-car emblazoned with ducal arms.

"Her Grace is sure to be very upset," he said. "She'll probably call on you very shortly."

"By-bye, Popky!" gurgled his Grace, with a ridiculous grin. "See you Friday."

He accompanied the remark with a suggestive movement of his hand across his throat.

"What a calamity," Mr. Popky observed when he rejoined his family. "No one would have thought 'im insane as 'e was talkin' to me at first."

"Oh, I thought I should 'ave died!" exclaimed Mrs. Popky. "It fair made my backbone like a hicycle, it did."

Mr. Popky picked up his famous invention, and then looked about the table.

"Did you put the ring away, ma?" he asked.

"No, Sam. I thought you 'ad it. The Dook was the last one I see 'oldin' it. P'raps it's rolled on the floor."

A search was instituted, and every nook and cranny in the room gone into, but the ring was not found.

"E must 'ave put it in 'is pocket," said Mr. Popky. "I'd better go round. Look an' see where 'e lives, ma."

Mrs. Popky obeyed, what time the motor-brougham was brought round. Presently Mr. Popky was speeding towards the ducal residence, where he interviewed the butler.

"I want to see the Dook," he said. "Ere's my card."

The butler gazed at him and the card with lofty disapproval.

"His Grace is out," he said. "But Lord Arthur is in. He may see you. I'll inquire."

Lord Arthur proved to be willing, and Mr. Popky was presently in his company.

"Er—the Dook 'as just left my place in Park Lane, your Lordship," he said. "And in a habsentminded way 'e slipped a ring o' mine in 'is pocket."

"I am afraid you are under a misapprehension, Mr.—er"—Lord Arthur consulted the card—"Mr. Popky. I spent the afternoon at Hurlingham with my father, and I have only just this minute got back. I left him there."

"You're tryin' it on," said Mr. Popky, with another wink. "You think I don't know that 'is Grace is a bit loose in the head."

"My good man, you are either drunk or mad!" exclaimed Lord Arthur irritably. "What the dickens do you mean by suggesting that the Duke is not sane?"

"Wot do I mean? Wot I says, o' course," answered Mr. Popky. "Ere, I'll tell you wot 'appened."

He recounted in detail the story of the Duke's visit, and a smile broke over Lord Arthur's face.

"I'm afraid you've been badly swindled, Mr. Popky. It was certainly not the Duke of Eastminster who visited you."

Just then voices were heard outside.

"There is my father," said Lord Arthur.

"Guv," he called. "Just a minute."

The gentleman who entered the room certainly resembled Mr. Popky's visitor, but there were obvious differences.

"Are you the Dook of Eastminster?" Mr. Popky gasped.

"I am, sir," replied his Grace frigidly.

"Good Heavens!" gasped the millionaire, collapsing into a seat.

Mr. Popky spared no expense, but neither the green diamond ring nor the thieves were seen by him again.

There is a similar diamond in the tiepin of an American millionaire. He paid several hundred thousand dollars for it, and is very proud of it.

Rugger Accidents

The Dangerous Side of a Strenuous Game.

By OUR SPORTING CONTRIBUTOR.

ALTHOUGH Rugby football is by no means such a dangerous game as it looks, there are, nevertheless, occasions upon which players are apt to get hurt, sometimes slightly, and at others seriously.

A broken collar-bone is a fairly frequent mishap at "Rugger," and this accident is most likely to happen on a ground that has become hard through frost or drought. Upon such a ground any tall man who plays three-quarter-back is particularly liable to get hurt.

Probably, in the course of the game, he receives the ball and goes off at full speed for his opponents'



The low tackle sometimes brings a man down heavily on his shoulder and breaks his collar-bone.

goal-line. But, coming up to the full-back, as shown in the first picture, he is tackled low (round the hips, or perhaps even round one of the legs), which means that he will come down with his full weight, and while still going at full speed, right on to the rough ridges of the hardened ground. It is very easy to break a collar-bone in these circumstances, especially for a tall man who has some way to come down.

Not so serious, but more frequent, is the experience depicted in the second sketch. Here a scrum has been formed, and the opposing forwards in the two front rows must do their best to heel the ball



Nasty kicks are received in the scrum this way.

back to their own men, directly it is put into the scrummage.

In the second picture two players have attempted to do this, but one got his foot over the ball first, and has unintentionally hacked his opponent on the shin. This common and painful experience in the front row of the scrum has led to many forwards wearing shin-guards under their stockings, but the majority of players do not do so, preferring to take their chance in the matter.

To be winded is a distinctly unpleasant



"Winded." This painful accident usually happens in a "drop out."

experience, and how this sometimes happens to a man at Rugby is shown in the third illustration. As you probably know, after a try has been scored and the goal-kick has failed, the side against whom the score has been made must bring the ball out and re-start the game with a "drop-kick." In the picture the player is about to "drop out," as it is called, which means, as shown in the picture, that the ball must touch the ground as he kicks it.

Meanwhile, the opposing forwards stand in a



If two players tackle an opponent low, they may miss him and hurt their own heads.

line opposite him, and as the ball is kicked they throw up their hands in an endeavour to stop its progress. Nine times out of ten the ball sails high over their heads, but sometimes, probably on a very wet day when the ball is greasy, he mis-kicks, and the ball flies straight against one of the forwards, as shown in the picture, and he is laid out, "winded" on the spot.

Sometimes a forward gets hold of the ball, and attempts to dash through with it between two of his opponents. These two men make a simultaneous dash for him. Coming in to tackle him from the right and left side, as shown



A perfectly fair tackle which has been known to end fatally, owing to the tackler injuring his opponent internally.

in the fourth drawing, it is quite likely that their heads will come together with a terrific crash.

The fifth picture illustrates a fatal accident that happened at one of the big public schools some years back. During a house match one of the half-backs broke away with the ball and got as far as the opposing full-back, by whom he was collared low, as shown in the picture.

It was, of course, a perfectly fair tackle, and, after a few moments' rest, the player resumed the game as though nothing had happened. As a matter of fact, however, the head of the full-back had twisted some internal organ, and a few days later the unfortunate half-back died from the injuries which he had received.

Another very serious accident is shown in our last picture. In this case a half-back has tried to stop a forward rush by falling on the ball. The oncoming forwards cannot pull up, and he gets a nasty kick on the back of the head.

Taking all things into consideration, it may safely be said that the men who play behind the scrummage at Rugby—the halves, three-quarters, and full-back—run greater risk of serious injury than do the forwards, although anyone watching the game for the first time would be sure to express a contrary opinion.



One of the many dangers a half-back faces when stopping a forward rush.

We want you to try and find the word in this issue that has the greatest numerical value.



Manchester's Monkey Mascot

Quaint Superstitions and Queer Pets to Bring
Luck to Football Clubs.

THE Fulham Football Club were last season presented with a goat by an enthusiastic supporter as a luck-bringer. "Nanny" can be seen in the grand-stand whenever a match is in progress. She is often the cause of much amusement, as she has a fondness for cigarettes, and swallows a large number which are given to her by the club's supporters.

She is not the only football mascot; nearly every big club has one.

Sunderland have a black cat. It seems to have brought good results, as Sunderland are now well in the running for the championship of the League.

An enterprising local photographer photographed the cat on a postcard, and, needless to add, he does a roaring trade.

Notts County have an Irish terrier, which they regard as their mascot; Clapton Orient have a bulldog, which is the property of Dix, one of their players; and Manchester City have adopted a monkey.

One of the Lancashire League teams, Stockport Central, have a little boy hardly three feet high as a luck-bringer.

Barnsley's Donkey Rider.

He enters the field with the players, and after indulging in the preliminary kicking about, superintends the tossing of the coin, and retires to the pavilion to watch the game.

Barnsley, last season's cup finalists, have a well-known mascot in "Amos," a youth who is an enthusiastic supporter of the club.

"Amos," riding on his donkey, has made something in the nature of a triumphal entry to most of the grounds on which Barnsley have played.

The donkey has been carried from town to town in a specially constructed box, resembling a miniature stall, but the difficulties of bringing it to London for the cup final were too great, and he was left at home.

Tottenham Hotspur consider as their mascot a spectator with a cornet, which he proceeds to play vigorously whenever the home club scores.

It may be surprising to hear that there are two or three prominent gentlemen who are considered mascots by the club whom they visit.

Mr. Crooks, the new Labour member for Woolwich, is considered by the Woolwich Arsenal Football Club as their good omen. On the few occasions he finds time to visit them they always play well and invariably win.

A Queer Gift for Liverpool.

So also Lord Alwyne Compton, M.P. for Brentford, is considered by the Brentford Football Club as their mascot. This gentleman has seen many matches at Brentford, but he has never been present when the local club have lost.

Football clubs are often the recipients of queer presents, and Liverpool have been thus favoured. Prior to a recent match one of their supporters sent a parcel, which turned out to contain a wooden shield, painted a gaudy red colour.

On this was fastened a horse-shoe surrounding an imitation football, and a request was inclosed that the captain of the team should accept this as a mascot.

There are also some curious facts connected with the English Cup. For instance, Newcastle United have no reason to enjoy their visits to the Crystal Palace, for on three of the four occasions they have visited there as finalists they have lost.

Last season they drew with Barnsley in the cup final at the Crystal Palace, and managed to defeat them when the match was replayed at Liverpool. The very name of Crystal Palace seems to spell bad luck for Newcastle United.

In 1906-7 they were drawn to play the Crystal Palace Football Club in the first round of the English Cup at Newcastle, and, although they were able to command the services of exactly the same team that had reached the final in the previous season, Crystal Palace astonished the whole footballing world by winning 1-0.

PEERS GETTING READY.

Cleaning Up Coronets for the Coronation.

It is doubtful whether the average Peer of the Realm looks forward to the great ceremony of June next with as much pleasure as does the man in the street, for to him the Coronation means a very heavy drain upon his purse.

The Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, has already issued his orders for the dress to be worn by the peers on the great occasion, and judging from past experience, there is no other form of attire so costly to purchase or tiring to wear.

Before the last Coronation there were arranged at Norfolk House, St. James', miniature wax figures dressed in the robes and regalia to be worn by the various grades of our peerage, and also specimens of the dresses and coronets proper for peeresses. The same procedure is being followed again.

Velvet Robes for All Peers.

The robe for all peers is of "crimson velvet edged with miniver, the cape furred with miniver pure, and powdered with rows or bars of ermine." Ermine is narrow black fur, and the number of rows worn denotes the degree of the wearer. Barons wear two rows, viscounts two and a half, and so up to dukes, who are entitled to four rows.

A coronation robe made of the best velvet costs about £55. This velvet is all made upon hand-loom.

The black tufts on the cape or collar are cut from the feet of Persian lambs. For one of these collars eighty to a hundred ermine skins are required, and the collar is consequently more costly than the robe. No doubt some robes and capes will have been saved from the ceremony of ten years ago, but the majority of peers will order new ones for the Coronation of George V.

Peeresses are also attired in crimson velvet, and their capes are "powdered" with rows of ermine in similar fashion to those of their husbands. But they also have another feature of dress by which spectators can distinguish their various ranks. This consists in the different lengths of train. A baroness wears a train a yard long, a viscountess one of a yard and a quarter, while a duchess is entitled to two yards of trailing velvet.

Most peeresses have lovely old lace which only sees the light on great occasions such as a Coronation, but quite apart from this and from jewels, the cost of a peeress' Coronation robes is not less than £100.

The dress worn under the robe must be white or cream, but its material is left to choice, and where satin or silk muslin is chosen and hand-embroidered, the cost may be almost anything you please.

So you may put it that a peer and peeress cannot appropriately attire themselves in Coronation robes at a cost of less than three hundred pounds, while five hundred would be nearer the average expenditure.

Dukes' Coronets Are Cheap.

Then there is the coronet to be considered. It is a clumsy and abominably heavy article of silver gilt, and though made as light as possible, that of an earl weighs 26 ounces, and that of a duke a pound and a quarter.

Oddly enough, a duke's coronet, in spite of the eight strawberry leaves, is comparatively cheap, costing only a matter of fourteen guineas. That of an earl, with its eight silver balls raised on points, is more costly, coming at about seventeen pounds.

The cheapest coronet of all is that of a baroness the bill for which is only £10.

The metal part of the coronets will of course last indefinitely, but the white satin lining and the silk ribbons by which its owner carries it are in most cases being replaced.

Shall we do it now, or wait till Martin comes?

NEW YEAR TRIPLETS

£2,314 Now Awarded.

WHAT TRIPLETS ARE AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

To make a "Triplet" you take any one of the three phrases of three words given opposite and add to it three additional words which begin with the same letters as the words of the phrase you have chosen. These initial letters may be used in any order you like, and the words you think out should have some bearing on the phrase selected. It is the three words you add that are called a "Triplet."

The three phrases from which you are invited to make Triplets are as follows:

Tommy Learns Boxing; Arthur's Good Resolutions; The Haunted Chamber.

Example, not to be used, showing how to make Triplets:

Phrase: The Haunted Chamber.

Example: Terrifies Charming Housekeeper.

YOU MAY SEND TWO TRIPLETS FOR SIXPENCE.

RULES WITH WHICH COMPETITORS MUST COMPLY.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form, or they will be disqualified. Two Triplets may be written on one entry form; but any number of entry forms may be sent in provided each entry form is accompanied by a postal order for 6d.

2. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out, attach to it a postal order for sixpence, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. No other communications must be inclosed.

3. Mark your envelope "Triplets No. 29" in the top left-hand corner.

4. All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, January 5th.

5. Everyone who enters must send a postal order for 6d. with the entry form. The P.O. must be made payable to G. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and must be crossed "& Co." in the manner shown in this example. The number must be written in the space provided on the entry form.

Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one entry form, the number of this P.O. must be written on each entry form.

6. Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent.), three-fourths will be divided amongst the senders of the ten Triplets which are considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a Triplet thus selected by the adjudicators, a tenth part of

this three-fourths will be divided amongst all such senders.

7. The remaining one-fourth will be awarded in gifts by the adjudicators amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.

8. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

9. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.

10. The published decision is final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.

ENTRY FORM.

TRIPLETS No. 29.

No. of Postal Order

Phrase Selected

Triplet

Phrase Selected

Triplet

I agree to abide by the decision published in "*Pearson's Weekly*," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the printed conditions.

Signed

Address

Result of Triplets No. 26 will be found on Page III. of Red Cover.

It only requires a little patience and judgment in selecting a good word for you to win.

CHOOSING A CAPITAL.

After Ten Years of Wrangling the Australian Commonwealth have Made a Decision.

For the last ten years or so all Australia has been in a fever of excitement over the great question: "Where shall we build the capital city of the Commonwealth?"

At last, however, the matter seems to be settled, for the Commonwealth Government has just proclaimed that on January 1st it will take over from New South Wales the district of Yass-Canberra as the site of the new capital.

Each of the States forming the Commonwealth—New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, and Western Australia—has, of course, already got its own capital and Government offices, but with the creation of the Commonwealth it became necessary to have a separate Parliament and set of offices for the Government of Australia as a whole.

Nearly Wrecked the Commonwealth.

It was on the question of where these new Government offices should be built that the original suggestion for a Commonwealth was nearly wrecked.

It may seem absurd that it should be thought necessary to build a new city to house the new Parliament and Government, but the very fact that each of the other States had a capital ready built made it difficult to decide.

Victoria wanted to have the new Parliament in Melbourne; New South Wales wanted to have it in Sydney. When Victoria looked like winning, New South Wales said, in effect: "Very well, we won't have a Commonwealth at all."

The only way out was a compromise. New South Wales insisted that the new capital should be within its boundaries, and to this the other



Our large arrow points to the district of Yass-Canberra, the chosen spot for the capital.

States agreed on condition that the new capital was built at least a hundred miles away from Sydney. In the meantime, the Commonwealth Parliament was to sit in Melbourne.

Then began what were known as the Capital Site Picnics. All over New South Wales, outside a radius of 100 miles from Sydney, there sprang up Capital Site Leagues, each of which claimed that the capital should be in their particular district.

Committees and deputations wandered from site to site, and some of the New South Wales M.P.'s were nearly driven crazy on discovering that their constituencies each contained several eligible sites, each of which demanded their member's exclusive support, or it would know the reason why.

Roughly, it was necessary that the capital site should have a good water supply at all seasons of the year, that it should provide for a perfect system of sanitation, and that it should be within easy reach of both Melbourne and Sydney, and be fairly near the sea.

Dalgaty's Close Shave.

Further, the Minister for Home Affairs impressed upon the surveyors that the Commonwealth capital should be a beautiful city, occupying a commanding position, with extensive views.

After a long wrangle it seemed that the township of Dalgaty, down in the south-east corner of New South Wales, was going to win the prize. Then fresh trouble arose. The New South Wales Government suddenly discovered that though Dalgaty was indeed within their borders, it was nevertheless nearer Melbourne than Sydney, and they flatly refused to grant this site.

The long delay seems to have convinced most people that it really was necessary to build a new city. Each session of the Commonwealth Parliament sitting at Melbourne seems to show more

plainly that the Victorians and the Melbourne Press were exercising too much local influence on a body that had to do with the whole of Australia.

Gradually the choice was narrowed down until at last it was decided that the district of Yass-Canberra was as near the ideal spot for the new capital as could be found, and New South Wales agreed to hand over the district, together with a strip of land that would give the capital a seaport at Jervis Bay.

Yass-Canberra is 193 miles from Sydney and 395 miles from Melbourne. The district has an area of 644,929 acres (Cheshire has 643,360 acres). The only thing to settle now is where to commence building operations.

Hilly Country all Round.

A beginning will most likely be made at the little village of Canberra. Here the Government buildings will be visible on approach for many miles, low hills making suitable sites for the more important offices.

The capital will lie in a wide amphitheatre of hills with an outlook towards the north and north-east, and in the immediate vicinity there are large areas of gently undulating country that the official surveyor thinks would be suitable for the evolutions of large bodies of troops.

The cost of taking over the land is estimated to be about £1,100,000, and another four million pounds will have to be spent on the development of the new capital.

It has not yet been definitely decided, but it is more than likely that a big prize (probably £5,000) will be offered in a great town-planning competition open to the world, and the new city will be built on the lines suggested by the winning design.

Shall we do it now, or wait till Martin comes?

CUTTING.

A YOUNG man who was not particularly entertaining was monopolising the attention of a pretty girl with a lot of uninteresting conversation.

"Now, my brother," he remarked in the course of a dissertation on his family, "is just the opposite of me in every respect. Do you know my brother?"

"No," the debutante replied demurely, "but I should like to."

"Why are you so indolent?" demanded the stern parent. "You don't see me letting the grass grow under my feet."

"No," replied the son; "if you had let some grass grow under your feet you wouldn't be so near having it grow over your head."

EXASPERATING.

A FARMER and his man rose one very foggy morning at the early hour of four to drive a troublesome bullock to market. When they had tramped about eight miles the farmer said to the man, who was walking behind him:

"We are getting along fine, Bill, aren't we?"

Bill muttered an ejaculation of surprise.

"Why, master, is that you? I thought you was the bullock all the time!"

He had mistaken his master's fat figure for the bullock in the fog, and had been diligently driving him. That tiresome animal had given them the slip eight miles behind.

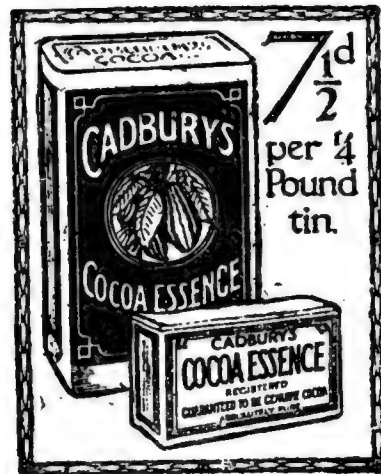
HIS WIFE: "This paper says that a man's hair turns grey five years earlier than a woman's does." Her Husband: "If it does I'll bet a woman is the cause of it."

A MADE-UP MIND.

A COUNTRY yokel who had never travelled by railway recently made up his mind to visit a friend who lived some miles away. He applied for his ticket at the local station, but found to his dismay that he had not provided himself with sufficient cash to pay his fare. Naturally, the booking-clerk refused him his ticket.

He thereupon commenced to walk to his destination along the line. He had not gone far, however, before a train came along behind him, and the engine-driver, noticing him on the line, whistled to warn him of its approach. The yokel took no notice, whereupon the engine-driver again blew his whistle. The old countryman, without turning, hollered out with all his might:

"Nae, nae, I offered ye tha shillin', but ye would nae accept. It's a' nae use ye a-whistlin'; I ain't going to turn back. Ye should a' took it when ye had tha chance."



PURITY

—secured by the use of the finest materials and the most scrupulous cleanliness in manufacture—is the characteristic of every product that bears the name and mark of



Cadbury
BOURNVILLE



Quips and Jestlets

Edited for this week only
by **HARRY TATE**

NO CHANGE.

"I AM tired of seeing that everlasting mackerel brought in for breakfast," grumbled a boarder, "and I intend to speak to the landlady about it."

Some of his fellow victims applauded, but most of them doubted his courage. The matter was under discussion when the landlady appeared.

"Miss Prunello," began the bold boarder, "I was about to say in regard to the mackerel, that we desire a change."

"It's good mackerel," responded the landlady grimly, "and there will be no change."

"Then for heaven's sake," resumed the bold boarder, "order the girl to bring it in tail first for a while."

Gladys: "I am afraid you aren't as pretty as nurse."

Mamma: "What makes you think so?"

Gladys: "We've been walking in the park a whole hour, and not a single policeman has kissed you."

CAPPED.

A YANKEE "doing the sights" of Dublin was being driven round on one of the famous jaunting cars, and, after scanning most of the buildings with a critical eye, turned to the driver and said:

"Why, man, you ain't got no buildings of any size here. In America we have them forty and fifty storeys high!"

"Bedad," said Pat, "I'll be bound you haven't seen the new building in Cork, where the top storey is on hinges."

"On hinges!" ejaculated the Yankee, with a surprised air; "whatever is that for?"

"Why," said Pat, chuckling inwardly, "so that they can let it down for the moon to pass."

Tommy: "Pa, was writing done on tables of stone in the old days?"

Tommy's Pa: "Yes, my son."

Tommy: "Why, it must have taken a crowbar to break the news!"

Farmer's Wife (to motorist whose machine has struck a fence and thrown him forty feet into the yard): "Did you have an accident?"

Motorist (picking himself up): "Bless you, no; that's the way I always stop."

A GOOD SHOT.

A SPORTSMAN of great imaginative gifts, and fond of telling his exploits, related that at one shot he had brought down two partridges and a hare. His explanation was that, although he had only hit one partridge, the bird, in falling, had clutched at another partridge and brought that to earth entangled in its claws.

"But how about the hare?" he was asked.

"Oh," was the calm reply, "my gun kicked and knocked me backwards, and I fell on the hare as it ran past!"

Missionary: "Our situation was so remote that for a whole year my wife never saw a white face but my own."

Sympathetic Young Woman: "Oh, poor thing!"

TACT.

FOUR old Scotchmen, the remnant of a club formed some fifty years ago, were seated around the table in the club-room. It was 5 a.m., and Dougal looked across at Donald and said in a thick, sleepy voice:

"Donald, d'ye notice what an awfu' peculiar expression there is on Jock's face?"

"Aye," says Donald. "I notice that; he's dead! He's been dead these four hours."

"What? Dead! Why did ye no tell me?"

"Ah, no—no—no!" said Donald. "Am no that kind o' man to disturb a convivial evening."

POUND WISE.

'Twas in a simple country town, and the maid-of-all-work was simple and innocent in sympathy. When she returned from shopping half-a-sovereign short in her change, Mrs. Mango-Chutney was naturally incensed.

"Go back to each shop, you careless girl," she told the weeping maid, "and tell them you are half-a-sovereign short in your money and they must give it you."

Susan went, and was back again in half an hour. Entering her mistress' sanctum, she laid five half-sovereigns on the table before her. Faithful as always, she had carried out Mrs. Mango-Chutney's instructions to the letter, and each shop-keeper, fearful of doing wrong and hurting a fellow creature, had thrust the missing coin upon the bewildered girl.

Mary: "That top-floor boarder moved to-day."

Jane: "I didn't see any trunk go out."

Mary: "There was none. I think he placed his effects in an envelope and posted 'em to the new address."

Pat (buying from a Jew): "Do you guarantee these pants to be all-wool, mister?"

Moses: "Vell, I von't dethieve yer—the buttenth ith brass."

Shall we do it now, or wait till Martin comes?

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

THE Parliamentary candidate was just about to conclude a fiery political speech.

"Will you allow me to ask you a question?" interrupted a man in the audience.

"Certainly, sir!" said the orator.

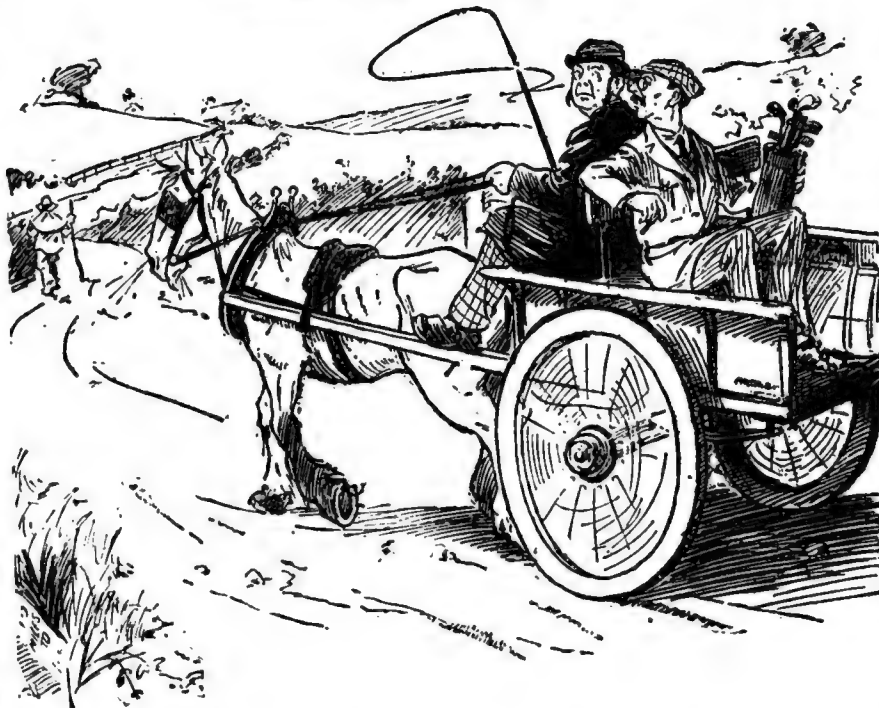
"You have been giving us a lot of figures about alien immigration, increase in wealth, the growth of the trusts, and all that," said the man, "let's see what you know about figures yourself. How do you find the least common multiple?"

Slowly and deliberately the orator took a drink of water. Then he pointed a finger straight at the questioner. Lightning flashed from his eyes and he replied in a voice that made the electric lights quiver:

"Advertise for it, you ignoramus!"

The audience cheered and yelled and stamped, and the wretched man who had asked the question sneaked out of the hall.

WANTED FOR THE HILL CLIMB.



Traveller: "Can't you hurry that horse up a bit?"
Driver: "Fraid I can't, mister. I've tried everything 'cept twisting his tail, an' I'm saving that for the climb up the hill."

THE REASON WHY.

A MAN who lives in a well-known seaside resort built a handsome little villa and called it "The Nutshell." Thus was the home introduced to his friends, and it became widely known, but to the

surprise of all it was one day suddenly changed to "Sylvan Nook," and naturally a flood of inquiries soon began to pour in.

"Say, old man," remarked one of his neighbours, on noting the change, "why have you given your home a new name? What was the matter with 'The Nutshell'?"

"Why?" responded the man, with some warmth; "because I was tired of being chaffed. Because I was tired of being kidded. There isn't a boy for a mile round who hasn't stopped and rung the doorbell every time he passed to ask if the 'colonel' was in!"

Coster (irritable through lack of trade): "Buy a box o' cough lozenges—'ang yer!"

Bystander: "I haven't got a cough."

Coster: "Then fight me, an' buy some stuff for black eyes."

HIS METHOD.

THE other day a gentleman's groom was giving his master's son some lessons in riding, and teaching him how to handle a hunter when taking a fence.

The young man was a very apt pupil, and the obstacles he encountered were so easily surmounted that the groom became quite lavish in his praise of the fine horsemanship displayed.

Fired with ambition, the novice essayed a very difficult and dangerous fence, with the result that horse and rider parted company, the rider being shot out of the saddle over the fence.

The groom, wishing to soothe his wounded pride, remarked, in tones of admiration, "That was a very fine jump, sir, and just the way I do it myself, sir." Then after a pause he added, "Only I always manage to take the horse with me!"

Gyer: "Yes, he is what you might term a financial pessimist."

Myer: "What's a financial pessimist?"

Gyer: "A man who is afraid to look pleasant for fear his friends will want to borrow from him."

BE OBSERVANT.

"How many seed compartments are there in an apple?" he asked. No one answered.

"And yet," continued the school inspector, "all of you eat many an apple in the course of a year and see the fruit every day, probably. You must learn to notice the little things in Nature."

The talk of the inspector impressed the children, and at playtime the teacher overheard them discussing it. A little girl, getting her companions round her, gravely said:

"Now, children, suppose I am Mr. Taylor, you've got to know more about common things. If you don't you will all grow up to be fools. Now, tell me, Minnie," she continued, looking sternly at a playmate, "how many feathers are there on a hen?"

Ella: "I'm to be married to-morrow, and I'm terribly nervous."

Stella: "Yes, I suppose there is always the chance of the man getting away at the last minute."

ASK FOR IT—

A SMALL boy was one day sent for a pennyworth of indigo dye. He stopped to play marbles on the way, and quite forgot what he was sent for. As he was determined to get it, he went into the chemist's shop and said to the assistant:

"What have people been dyeing with lately, please?"

"Influenza," was the answer.

"Ah, that must be it!" said the boy. "Please give me a penn'orth!"

THE GREATEST SERIAL ROMANCE EVER WRITTEN.

Driven from Home!

PROLOGUE.

John Hume, a young curate of a London East-end parish, falls in love with Betty Chalmers, the winsome governess at the rectory, and they are married. Seven years pass. The clergyman is now vicar at the country village of Hallard's Cross, happy with his wife and their little girl, Mimi. It is the anniversary of their wedding-day, and six-year-old Mimi's birthday, and upstairs a merry gathering of the child's playmates are romping.

John Hume is called out to visit an invalid parishioner, and during his absence a disreputable woman calls at the Vicarage and sees the vicar's wife.

Betty Hume goes white to the lips. This woman, Mrs. Mowle, knows the terrible secret that has always haunted her, for previous to her marriage she had borne a child, and Mrs. Mowle, midwife, had nursed it during its brief existence and seen it carried to the grave.

"What do you want?" Betty falters.

Mrs. Mowle demands ten pounds as the price of her temporary silence, and whilst the terrified woman hurries to her room to get the money the midwife rifles the safe.

Little Mimi, hearing a noise downstairs, creeps from her cot. She sees her father, who has suddenly returned, ordering a black-bonneted woman from the house, and her mother shaken by sobs. "Daddy," she cries, "what has mummy done?" But John Hume points to the door and his wife. "Go!" he commands.

FROM THE BEGINNING.

THIRTEEN years have passed since that terrible night at the Vicarage. Mimi Hume is engaged to David Inglis, a journalist. David was one of the party thirteen years back; he was Mimi's idol even in those days.

After obtaining the vicar's consent to accept him as a son-in-law, David returns to his flat at 133, Bewlay Street, N.W.

One night as he goes out to post off a story, Phoebe, the woman who threw him over to marry old Durward Kenyon for money, comes to his flat. She tries to confide in David the story of her marriage failure, but David will not listen. He tells her of his engagement to Mimi and takes her to a cab.

Madame Frayle and Rupert Lang witness this little scene from the flat opposite. Wealth and flash clothes have altered the blackmailing Mrs. Mowle of old into Madame Frayle, beauty specialist. Lang is one of her clients. He is scheming to marry Mimi Hume for money which he knows is to come to her.

When David returns, Lang and Madame Frayle see that he bears in his arms the unconscious form of Mimi's mother. Tragedy, want, and misery are written on the once beautiful features. David has found her in the area of an empty house; also a bloodstained handkerchief, and a key labelled "40 Bewlay Street," which he slips into a pocket. Just previous to this P.C. Jarvis has discovered the dead body of Phoebe's husband, stabbed with a pair of scissors, in 40 Bewlay Street, and, seeing a light in David's flat, has called with Inspector Tibbitts to make inquiries.

David waits until Betty has escaped by a back entrance before he opens the door. A spot of blood is on his shirt-front, and the handkerchief and key which he pocketed lead to his arrest.

Gideon Lang, Rupert's father, and solicitor to the Kenyons, breaks the news to Phoebe. Though she is shocked by the terrible tragedy, her scheming nature asserts itself. She plans to regain David's love and to punish Mimi.

At the inquest her evidence falls like a bombshell. She swears that David was with her in his flat, on the night of the murder, until after midnight.

The day following the crime Gideon Lang calls on Mark Crusington, of the great London emporium, about one of his workpeople—Mrs. Clinton—otherwise Betty Hume. Lang tries to extract her address, but fails.

That same night John Hume, who has come up with Mimi for the inquest, sees his wife—the first time for thirteen years.

Dressed in rags, Betty eludes her husband, but she cannot shake off Louis Death, Crusington's secretary and spy. Louis Death follows her into an empty house, to find her bending over a young fellow who is bleeding to death. The man, Steve Darrack, is Betty's son, whom she thought had died as a baby. Now he is wanted by the police. Louis Death promises to save his life and keep Betty's secret.

Mimi Hume is overwhelmed with grief after the inquest. She disobeys the vicar's orders that she is never to see David again, and goes to his flat.

There she falls into the clutches of Madame Frayle. The blackmailer threatens to tell how David is screening some woman unless Mimi sends her thirty pounds. Mimi promises.

To obtain some of the money she takes two five-pound notes from her father's safe, and after midnight steals from the house to post them to Madame Frayle.

Passing Thatcher's Farm, a little place near the village, she twists her ankle. Rupert Lang is spending a holiday at the farm. He hears a cry, and goes to Mimi's aid. She faints, and when she recovers she is in Lang's sitting-room. He has removed her shoe and stocking and wishes to bathe her ankle. Finally, he begs for a kiss, and Mimi rouses the household. It is nearly two o'clock in the morning. Her scream also awakens Zacky, a drunken ne'er-do-well, who is sleeping in a barn.

Zacky hates John Hume like poison, and he hurries off to tell him that he has just seen Mimi in Lang's arms. Hume dresses and runs to the farm.

Mimi is in the landlady's bed, but Rupert meets him with a plausible tale, posing as a hero. He offers to marry Mimi if any scandal gets about.

The vicar has Mimi taken home and sends for Anne Fossall, his cousin, to come and act as her companion. His cousin sends Peggy as a substitute.

Peggy is a bright, delightful girl. She sees Mimi's ailment at a glance and sets herself to right things.

When David reaches his flat after his release he finds a letter supposed to be from Mimi, telling him that she never wishes to see him again.

It is a forgery put in the envelope in place of another by Madame Frayle, acting as Lang's agent. Madame Frayle has stolen the genuine letter from Mrs. Wex, David's landlady. And at that moment the blackmailer is on her way to her grocer's to cash one of Mimi's notes. Rupert Lang has posted the letter. The note is a counterfeit.

While Madame Frayle is out P.C. Jarvis calls on Mrs. Wex. He sees the remains of the forged letter to David, and suspects the blackmailer of foul play.

Meanwhile, David goes to thank the scheming Phoebe for her noble self-sacrifice, and believing that Mimi no longer loves him, offers to marry her.

At Hallard's Cross, when the Vicar finds that his notes have been stolen from the safe, he accuses Zacky.

To save Zacky, Mimi confesses that she is the culprit. John Hume's manhood seems to desert him: "Go, go," he cries. "Never darken my doors again."

A few minutes later he relents, but Mimi has gone. Helped by Zacky, she reaches London, and here Rupert Lang again finds her.

Not far from Mimi, Betty Hume, and her criminal son, Steve Darrack, still helped by Louis Death, are preparing to leave their sanctuary, the top floor of a little lock-up shop, to board a vessel bound for a foreign land.

"God bless you," whispers Betty to Louis Death. "We are ready."

A heavy sound breaks out. Someone is hammering on the door below!

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO (continued). The Mystery of Mrs. Clinton.

"H'st!"

Death put a finger to his lips, his manner quite calm as he passed into the room. Betty Hume—Mrs. Clinton, late of Crusington's workroom—falling back before him. The lamp-light played on his thin face, the high cheek-bones, the clear-cut features, and the sensitive but now firmly-controlled mouth.

The expression in his large, pale blue eyes was steady and commanding. This was another man from Mark Crusington's slave.

The knocking on the door below ceased. Steve Darrack was gripping the edge of the table from which he had risen, the expression of strained tension seeming to accentuate the touch of criminality about his features. He was shabbily dressed, but not raggedly, and his clothes somehow suggested an old suit of Death's cut down and altered to fit him.

Betty Hume's son, yet bearing neither his father's nor his mother's name, of whom she had said to Death the night when the latter played the saviour and surgeon and not the spy—"He is my son—if he had known a father's care—a mother's love—it might all have been different—and I never knew. I thought he died as a tiny mite!"

This was the son born to Betty out of wedlock, fruit of frailty and betrayal, in a villa in Yew Tree Grove, Cricklewood, where a Mrs. Mowle, certificated midwife, took maternity cases and looked after other

(Continued on next page.)



Mr. Charles Spencer, "Sorrento," 16, Cameron Road, West Croydon, who says:—

"Every winter during the past 30 years I have been laid up from two to four months with lumbago. The first time it came on the pain was so sharp and violent that I thought I had broken my back; I was literally fixed with the pain. I could not move a limb."

"When I felt the attacks coming on I would struggle up the stairs to bed, and there I had to lie for weeks at a stretch. My legs and arms were quite stiff with rheumatism."

"I was advised two years ago to try Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, and after a thorough course of them I have entirely cured myself. Since then I have never had any return of the complaint. All this winter I have kept in first-rate health, although I am sixty-two years of age. I regard Doan's pills as wonderful.—(Signed) Chas. Spencer."

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are good for all who suffer from backache, pains or dull ache in the loins or sides, lumbago, bladder disorders and gravel, rheumatic pains, dropsy, and uric acid poisoning.

2s. 9d. a box, 6 boxes 13s. 9d.; of all dealers. Tell the shopman you must have Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, like Mr. Spencer had.



"He is a man with a peculiar far-seeing gift," says Modern Society.

Dr. R. Marouche, M.D., B.S.C.: "The accuracy with which he depicted my life, acts known only to myself, leaves me somewhat perplexed."

Capt. A. R. Walker, R.E.: "He told me of events my most intimate friends could not be cognisant of, and things are happening exactly as he foretold; in spite of the fact that he has never seen me."

Clifton Bingham writes: "Mysticisms is all I can say of your marvellously correct review of my life and present position."

Rub some stove black or ink on the thumbs, press them on paper, send, with birth date and time (if known), a P.O. for 1s. for cost of chart, etc., to be sent you, and stamped envelope. I will give you a

FREE reading of your life from chart to advertise my success.

PROF. M. E. ZAZRA,
90 New Bond Street, LONDON, W.

A Professional Capt. writes: **YOU**
ASTONISH & HELP

I will give twenty-five pencil-cases for the best twenty-five jokes. The shorter the better.

10's' children, children born under the innocent stigma of illegitimacy or not wanted by their parents.

This was the son whom Betty Chalmers, the young governess at an East-end rectory, had secretly maintained, had secretly visited as Mrs. Garrick, whose little body she had believed to be inclosed in the little white coffin she had followed to the grave—before John Hume came as curate to the East-end parish, full of stern ideas and ideals, and lost his heart to Betty Chalmers.

This was Durward Kenyon's illegitimate son. But when John Hume, thirteen years back in his study at the Vicarage, read proof of his wife's past frailty and sin in the letters she had bought back from Mrs. Mowle—the letters little Mimi had seen scattered on the floor on that unforgettable night—the identity of her betrayer and the father of her child had not been revealed to him.

He had branded her a thief, as well as an adulteress, but it was Mrs. Mowle, not Betty Hume, who had robbed the safe.

Someone was knocking again on the door to one side of the little lock-up shop below, closed and untenanted. "Who can it be?" whispered Betty Hume.

Her eyes sought Death's face—Death, who was a mystery, and yet not a mystery to her; Death, who had never questioned her about her past, yet who seemed to understand, to know; Death, who had slaved at Crushington's by day and by night had nursed her tragic son while he lay in the basement in the house in Clair Street, and treated him with the skill of a surgeon.

Death, who had advised her not to return to Crushington's, who had taken the two barely-furnished rooms over the lock-up shop for a widow whose son was ailing; Death, who, with the skill and cunning of a detective, or, a criminal, or, perhaps, a hero, had brought Steve, as soon as he was strong enough to stand and walk a few paces, to the rooms by night, and had bought him nourishing food, who never questioned about the past, yet seemed to understand; who had advised Betty to quit the country with her son and had bought two passages—for a widow and her ailing son—on a cargo steamer, with accommodation for a few passengers, bound for Australia, that was to be warped out of dock with the serving of the tide in the small hours of the morning.

Betty Hume had been powerless to express her gratitude.

"Why?" she had asked him once. And Louis Death had answered: "Because I understand!"

With both, indeed, understanding took the place of explanation. And Betty knew that this man understood because he, too, must have once sinned and erred, and failed; must have known and succumbed to temptation; must have tasted the dregs of life's bitterness and injustice. Yet his soul had been born again, or reawakened.

"Who can it be?" repeated Betty.

She was no longer wearing the bedraggled clothes in which she had gone to the house "to let" in Clair Street the night John Hume had seen her issuing from a chemist's shop—like a ghost from the past.

Husband, home, and the daughter, whose miniature she wore next to the flesh of her bosom—they were not for her now. Her first duty was to her son; but since Death had come into her life with his great understanding, her duty somehow had become more clear, and not quite so hard.

At this moment fear, caused by the knocking on the door, was written on her frail, but still beautiful face, beautiful in an elusive kind of way—and very like Mimi's.

But she looked younger, less tragic, and more calmly resigned than on the night when John Hume saw her.

Her wonderful hair—compared once by the vicar to imprisoned sunshine—had lost much of its lustre, but it was still fair, and the silver threads in it—not of age, but of suffering—were not easily distinguishable.

She still took a woman's care of her appearance, telling of self-respect still keenly alive. There was a touch of sweet daintiness about her, indescribable, unconscious. Her own deft fingers had made her simple black gown. Her corsets were Crushington's half-guinea corsets, sold at sale-times to employees at a ten per cent. reduction, and her hairpins, purchased under the same terms, were bronze and pyramided.

The Betty Hume of Hallard's Cross, fay-like, elusive, and dainty to the tips of her shoes—who had made most lovely underwear for Mimi's doll and threaded it with bébé ribbons, thereby earning the vicar's disapproval—was not altogether dead.

"Wait!" said Death quietly.

Steve Darrack's hands tightened on the table-edge. Death had stepped to the window. Drawing back the thick curtain, he tried to see who it was knocking, but whoever it was was too close to the door to be visible.

Steve Darrack reached out and gripped his mother's wrist. He was a degenerate, though a decent home in his youth, the guidance of a loving mother, might have made another being of him.

He was uneducated, and ironically lacking anything approaching his mother's refinement.

He was a creature of brain storms and passions, and

criminal propensities that had been fostered and developed, and lurking in his mind was ever the rankling thought that the world was against him and life had treated him unjustly.

He was a young Ishmael. Yet he had his better spark. It was revealed now.

"Mother!" he whispered. "If it's me—you shan't suffer! You know nothing! Why didn't you leave me to sink or swim. Whose fault was it—"

"Steve, don't!" she whispered.

All the horror of what had happened in the basement scullery at No. 40 Bewlay Street had been conjured up.

The hand gripping her wrist was the hand that had driven the scissors home to Durward Kenyon's heart—the hand of a patricide.

"Not yours, mother, but his!"

"Hush!" she pleaded.

She held herself morally responsible for that ghastly deed; nevertheless, the real responsibility was divided between the murdered man himself, and a woman once known as Mrs. Mowle—now Madame Frayle, beauty-specialist, of Bewlay Street.

Durward Kenyon had left the girl he had betrayed to shift for herself and her child, trading on her shame and horror at the thought of her shame being known, and when, years later, she had written to him out of the depths from the basement scullery of No. 40 Bewlay Street, asking for help for her son and his, threatening exposure unless he came and gave it, he had gone like a thief in the night—and had cursed the woman and her spawn for blackmailers.

It was then that Steve Darrack—wanted by the police for an evil business in the vicinity of the London Docks—had seen red, and the thing was done, almost in the twinkling of an eye.

Louis Death had dropped the curtain and turned from the window.

"I'm going down to the door," he said.

The knocker was going again, and now a bell jangled with a cracked note. But Death remained unfurried. He turned to Steve Darrack.

"You've got your berth-ticket money?"

Darrack's hand stole to his chest. For seven years Death had slaved for Crushington at a salary that made saving slow work, and the past week had all but swallowed up seven years' savings.

"She lies in the Eastern basin," he went on more quickly.

"But you know your way. When I open the door below. Listen. If I cough twice, slip out by the back way, take the first cab, and get on board. I shall bring your mother along later, but if I don't—"

"You've been a pal!" whispered Darrack. "But whatever happens—keep mother out of it, will yer? If I'm took—never mind what for—"

Death nodded. He had never demanded an explanation of Darrack; but he had impressed the young Ishmael instead of inspiring him with fear. Steve, who looked on all men as against him, knew in a dull, blind way that this strange man was the one exception.

"Keep her out of it!"

Steve Darrack had divined one thing. This strange man with a grisly name loved his mother.

"Whatever was done—I done it!"

"Listen!" said Death, and more like a shadow than a man passed down the stairs.

Two small cane trunks, labelled and named, but neither bearing the name of Darrack, or Clinton, or Hume, were already on board the boat. Death had seen to and done many things.

Darrack picked up his cap.

"Mother—in case it's good-bye—can't say—who knows—kiss us—forgive us what I've brought on yer—mother!"

"My boy!"

No horror, no shudder as Betty Hume kissed him! Truly John Hume, had he been present, might have been taught a great lesson. No horror, no shudder—yet a strange, painful consciousness of Mimi's miniature worn next to her bare bosom. It seemed to be burning her flesh.

"Listen, lad, listen!" she whispered.

The hunted look was back in Darrack's eyes again. They were painfully restless, furtive, as he stood, grasping his cap in working fingers, one foot on the landing, the other in the room; still physically weak and the drain of blood not yet made good.

The adjoining room was a bedroom, a door in it opening on to a spiral staircase leading to a little back-yard with a small shed for coal and a dust-bin, and the yard itself had a door opening into a lane at the back, and a poky mews where mostly sorrowful old four-wheeled cabs and pathetic hansoms, struggling against complete extinction by motor-cabs, were quartered.

Betty Hume suddenly pressed her hands to her bosom. She stood just behind Steve.

Death, below, had coughed consumptively—once. A moment before his voice had been audible, speaking to someone, but not what he said.

"Go, lad, go!"

Death had coughed a second time, naturally to the ear, and to the eye he looked like a man whom consumption had marked down for its own.

The instinct of self-preservation was revealed in the flare of the young Ishmael's eyes and a sudden

drawing up of his upper lip, showing his teeth like a hunted animal that would turn and fight if cornered beyond hope of escape. But something of more divine origin than the instinct of self-preservation asserted itself.

"Mother!" he whispered, sacrificing precious time and kissing her. "Forgive us!"

There was no time to tell him that rather her trouble was that she could not forgive herself.

"Go!" she implored him.

His eyes flared again. Swiftly, with a singular silence, crouching a little in a manner that somehow suggested a jackal—throwing back to the character that had earned him the name of "Flash" Steve Darrack—he reached the bedroom door, and was gone.

Betty Hume closed the door—stood with her back against it—waited thus, straining her ears.

She could hear Death's voice below; then another man's; but not their words. Then her attitude of tension relaxed, and a sigh of relief escaped her. She heard the door below closed, followed by the faint footfall of but one person coming up the stairs.

Death became framed on the threshold.

"Who was it? Steve's gone. Must be clear by now!" whispered Betty.

"Best not call him Steve," said Death quietly. "Break yourself of the habit." He paused for a moment. "The man who called just now was formerly attached to Scotland Yard. I remembered him."

That curious smile of his twisted his thin lips. It was suggestive of a man conquering some pain either of body or mind.

"He didn't remember me. He's retired from the Force, and does private detective work now. He's offices in Bedford Row, and does a lot of work for solicitors."

"Solicitors!"

"Yes. For Gideon Lang and Wrackem amongst others." Again Death smiled. "But he didn't expect me to open the door, but you. He was quite clumsy. I believe he nearly blundered out that he had come to look at the gas-meter and only remembered what o'clock it was in time. He wants to find Mrs. Clinton, I fancy. He's probably watching the place now. We'll go out the back way, too. We ought to be starting. It was just as well for him to get clear whilst I kept the fellow occupied. We must be going!"

Death's mouth twitched a little.

"No, no!" he whispered hoarsely. "Don't! I don't want thanks—it's I who ought to thank you for giving me back—"

He stopped. For a moment it had looked as if he would have bared his strange heart and soul to the woman who had taken his bony hand, and dropped a tear on it. Words were beyond her.

"Come!"

He picked up the cloak he had bought her, and put it about her shoulders.

"It is never too late!" he said. "Remember that in the new world! Hammer it into his soul and heart. Tell him that men may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things! That to know all is to understand all!"

This was not Mark Crushington's private secretary. For a moment Death seemed transfigured.

"Come!" he said hoarsely, with a little laugh, as if suddenly conscious of what he was saying and of being ashamed of himself cynically.

"God sent you to me!" whispered Betty.

"God!" laughed Death. "Ha, ha!" Then, strangely, wistfully, inconsequently seeming to be speaking to himself. "But Heaven was promised even to the thief on the cross. Come along!"

Death reached up a hand to the gas. He was himself again.

"You have everything?" he asked, taking a final glance round the barely-furnished room.

Betty pressed a hand on Mimi's hidden miniature.

"Yes!"

He waited till she had opened the bedroom door before turning out the light. When they gained the Marylebone Road, he hailed a cab. Steve had the start of them, and should be on board when they reached the docks. Neither spoke. Each was living in the past. Betty Hume's past played itself most vividly before her. What had happened years ago seemed to be but yesterday. Now she was leaving England, and her heart ached vainly for a last glimpse of the Vicarage at Hallard's Cross—home once—and the squat-turreted church—and John—and Mimi!

Mimi? She would soon be twenty. What was she like now? She was standing on the threshold of womanhood. Had love entered her life yet? Or, if not, when it did so, would it bring sunshine or shadow—which? Did she ever think of her mother, wonder—or had she been told?

Betty Hume leant farther back, taking refuge in the deeper shadow of the hansom cab.

A child's prayer was in her ears; a child's face seemed hidden against her bosom.

"And, dear God, this night please take care of all men and women who're hungry and haven't homes to go to, and all the poor little girls and boys who haven't got kind mummies and daddies to love them like me. Please hear a little girl's prayer—for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Only a memory! The child stood on the threshold of womanhood now. The only thing pressing against the mother's bosom was a miniature.

Then she seemed to hear the thrumming of fingers on a window—to see a woman's evil, but not uncomely face pressed against it—Mrs. Mowle's.

But she was not in John's study, but in a hansom cab bound for the docks. Things had become real again. A newspaper placard was distinct in the light of a street lamp.

"GRUESOME DISCOVERY AT CRICKLEWOOD."

Betty pressed her hands fiercely to her eyes. Death seemed to be looking straight before him; but the lump in his throat worked suddenly; the corners of his sensitive mouth twitched.

Cricklewood? She had seemed so kind, so sympathetic, so full of pity, and so fond of helpless, innocent little babies—Mrs. Mowle! The evil in the woman's nature had only peeped out and shown itself on her features later! Oh, the shame and the misery before-hand—and yet the joy she had known—shame forgotten—when she clasped the warm little bundle to her bosom, flesh of her flesh, life of her life. Yet would it not have been more merciful if he had died, as she once believed he died?

Oh, that fiend of a woman! That devilish fiend of a woman! But for her unspeakable trick—for the sake of gain—Betty Hume's whole life would have been ordered differently. What had become of her?

It was the name of "Cricklewood" on the placard that had changed the current of Betty's thoughts. "Gruesome Discovery" had left no impress on her mind. She had lived many years in London, and was hardened to catch-penny scare-lines.

Presently West yielded to East.

Again the nature of Betty's thoughts changed, and she tried to look into the future. If she could not pierce its veil, her purpose at least was clear and noble—to devote her life to her son, to keep him "straight," in a new world to endeavour to help him to become a useful member of society, and reclaim his soul. This seemed to her the only atonement she could make.

If he were captured and his terrible offences brought home to him, it would mean either penal servitude for life—or the death sentence. From the impersonal point of view of what was good for society it would be perhaps a beneficial thing if this happened. But she was his mother.

His freedom, his reclamation, and it might be in the future that he might expiate his terrible offences by some service to his fellow-creatures. Her plans were not very definitely shaped; but there was this craving, this dream, in her soul.

Already she had risen to great heights of unselfishness and self-sacrifice. She had seen her husband and had fled from his pity and forgiveness. Gideon Lang had come to "Mrs. Clinton" at Crushington's, and had implied with the characteristic legal caution and reserve that if she placed herself in his hands she would benefit greatly. But her one thought had been her son; her one fear that she might betray him. So she had done her best to baffle the plausible old lawyer with the insinuating voice and beautiful, false teeth. For Steve's sake, she would have been thankful for money; but for his sake, also, she had not dared to run any risks. And then a friend had come to her in the shape of Louis Death. Her gratitude was beyond expression.

On rattled the hansom cab.

Surroundings became gloomier and more squalid as it approached the neighbourhood of the docks. Mean streets—drinking-dens, outside them depressed figures, men finding consolation from nearness to the glowing lights, and within noise and rude revelry and quarrellings.

A glimpse of a crowd surrounding two drunken seamen fighting in the deeper shadows of a narrow side street.

On rattled the hansom cab.

Louis Death, who had played and failed at more than one part in life, knew the neighbourhood.

A police-whistle screamed. A hoarse cry, "Stop him!"

A moment later the driver of the hansom cab had reined up. The horse slipped, slithered, and all but sat down on his haunches.

The light of the lamps had flashed upon the hunted figure that had darted out from a seeming nowhere, swerved, slipped, and all but came down under the horse's hoofs.

Betty screamed. Death, clutching her wrist, had leant forward with staring eyes.

It was Steve Darrack!

"My boy!"

But Betty's cry was stifled. Death had his hand over her mouth.

It was all more swift than description.

Steve Darrack was gone from sight. A policeman, helmet-less, a whistle between his teeth, blood flowing

from a gash over one eye, a truncheon out, had dashed in front of the still floundering horse. A man in ordinary clothes a pace or two behind him. Another policeman. Then a rabble.

The police-whistle, blown in a broken way that told of breath becoming desperately short, grew faint.

The cabman was standing up, his animal in hand again. Men and women and children were pouring past, clamouring, wanting to know what it was all about, but scenting and glorying in the prospect of trouble of some sensational kind. The neighbourhood was a wilderness of narrow streets.

The cabman flung up the trap in the roof.

"Can't see nothing!" he shouted down excitedly for the benefit of his fares. "But don't think he stands an earthly. If I hadn't been quick on the reins 'e'd 'ave been under the keb. He was running weak—my money's on the cop, though 'e'd 'ad a nasty one—very nasty—over the eye. Same time"—sympathy is generally with the hunted rather than the hunter—"it's tricky round about this part. If 'e knows the ropes, 'e may do 'em down yet—or a few pals might make all the difference!"

He sighed. A fare was a fare, and he could not leave fare and horse and cab to look after themselves, but he would have given much to have joined the hue and cry.

Death had withdrawn his hand from Betty's mouth, and had slipped a thin arm round her waist. Her frail body had gone limp; but she had not fainted. She was just terribly docile. She was conscious now,



The cabman dragged his horse back on to its haunches as Steve dashed past, hotly pursued by the police.

despite the turmoil of her emotions and the noise of hammers beating in her brain, that Death had silenced her cry and was keeping her a prisoner as well as supporting her for some reason, for Steve's sake.

"Go on!" she heard him say up to the cabman.

The latter slammed down the trap with a second sigh. The police-whistle was no longer audible.

"My boy! Let me go to him!"

A sudden change had come over Betty. She fought fiercely to free herself from Death's restraining arm. She seemed to have gone mad.

"Let me go to him—his my son—I'm guilty—I'm guilty—the sin is mine!"

"No!" whispered Death. "He stands a chance. For his sake, for your sake, for both your sakes—no!"

There was a command in the voice of the man who in Crushington's office was just a submissive slave, who took Mark Crushington's bullyings "lying down."

"We don't know yet!" he went on. "We may be able to help him yet!"

He had nursed and doctored Steve Darrack, and had listened to his rambling utterances. Flash Steve Darrack might be "wanted" by the police on a charge in nowise connected with the Bewlay Street mystery.

Death knew what he knew, and had guessed what he had guessed. The inner working of the police and Scotland Yard were not known to him, nor on what theories and conclusions John Jarvis was basing his slow, patient, and necessarily limited investigations, seeing that he was very much a subordinate; but, according to the papers, in which the Bewlay Street mystery was daily occupying less space, the police were still without any clues to the identity of the woman

whom Jarvis had seen slip like a shadow from the portal of No. 40 on the night of the crime, or the unknown man of whose presence in the basement scullery evidence had been produced at the inquest.

Death still kept his arm round Betty's waist. All the strain and struggle of a moment before seemed to go from her body. She became limp, docile, and silent again—terribly silent. One of his hands closed over hers. His face was almost expressionless. At big moments, whether of joy or suspense or tragedy, expression is silent.

Presently the cab drew up hard by the dock-gates. Death assisted Betty to alight, and paid the man. The latter whipped up his horse. There was just a chance that it might not yet be all over, and he might have the luck to find himself in at the "death" or pretty soon after.

The dock-gates had long since been closed. The road, one side a wall, was deserted. Then there was a click, as the dock policeman unlocked a little door and a seafaring man passed out with a good-night. The door closed again. The seafaring man took no notice of the man and woman hard by.

His footsteps were dying away when Death spoke in a whisper. The ship was out of the question.

"There's a Railway Hotel not far from here. I'll take you there. You can get a room!"

His long arms were swinging a little; his hands playing their trick of opening and shutting.

"I'll find out all I can. Come back to you. Come along!"

It was a public-house rather than worthy of the name of hotel, and stood close to the dock station. But "Hotel Entrance" adorned a side-door. From the bar came laughter and voices, and a jingling of glasses.

"This lady is not going by boat to-night," said Death to a very fat landlady with prodigiously golden hair, a figure that would have been a magnificent advertisement for Madame Frayle's Golden Specific, and a kind, good-natured face.

There was a bedroom—so the fat landlady explained—and the lady could have use of a sitting-room next door. The humorous walks arm-in-arm sometimes with the tragic. The fat landlady thought that Betty looked rather as if she had just landed from a boat after a trying voyage.

"You're tired, ma'am," she said. "I shan't charge you anything for use of sitting-room—same time, you won't be disturbed, and if you'd like a drop of something—you do look ill, ma'am—or a snack of something in the shape of cold beef and pickles, you shall have it brought up!"

Strange people, immigrants and those about to emigrate, came to the Railway Hotel. This was a strange couple—thought the stout landlady. But she—the lady—was a lady who had come down in the world. But the man with her—well, the landlady could not make head or tail of him, though she was inclined to associate him either with the undertaking line or monumental masonry, and he looked as if one square meal a day for a month would have done him a world of good.

Death did not wait.

"If I'm not back before you go to bed," he said, "you will see me first thing in the morning."

He spared words and feelings whenever he could. There are times when men and women must endure suspense and anguish as best they can, alone.

Betty followed the landlady mechanically. After she had been shown the rooms and was alone, she sank to her knees and prayed for her son. That was all she could do for him at this moment.

Death was hurrying away, more like a shadow than a man, with the air of one to whom the neighbourhood was an open book. He knew where he would be most likely to obtain news—at the nearest police-station. Swift as it had all been, he had seen that Steve Darrack was well-nigh spent when he dashed in front of the hansom, that his bolt was shot.

A blue lamp shone out, and Death was close upon it, when he saw the little crowd swing round a corner beyond. It was headed by policemen half-pushing and half-carrying someone hardly distinguishable as a human being.

Their captive was Steve Darrack. His cap was gone, and his clothes torn. His chin was almost touching his chest. Sometimes he stumbled; sometimes he would have dropped to his knees but for his captors; at another moment he would make a flickering kind of attempt to break away from them, and when he did this they screwed their knuckles more tightly into the back of his neck and gave a twist to the arm that was screwed up somewhere into the middle of his back. He was bleeding. Waistcoat and shirt had been torn open to the waistband of his trousers, and his bare, scored flesh caught the light of a lamp.

Two of the policemen had lost their helmets. Another had got his left hand bandaged with a handkerchief. A fourth limped badly.

Death stood still. On they came, pushing, pulling, half-carrying their man. He had used feet, hands, teeth, and nails in the last desperate mix-up before he was half-stunned with the blow of a truncheon.

Upon the threshold of the police-station, he made his last feeble effort to break away.

"Here! Get along in!" They were not handling him tenderly; but some of them were badly hurt. It was a tough neighbourhood. And in the last mix-up under the shadow of a dock wall some of the crowd had joined in, on behalf of Steve Darrack.

Steve jerked up his head. The livid light of the overhead blue lamp fell on his face. His eyes were half-closed and blood-shot, but they were wide enough open to see and recognise Louis Death.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE. Death the Comforter.

"KEEP mother out of this!"

That was what Steve Darrack's eyes, suddenly dilating and becoming full of expression, flashed imploringly and desperately to Death. Death's understanding enabled him to interpret the silent appeal.

A moment later, Darrack had been propelled into the police-station. Constables pushed back the crowd that would have surged in on his heels.

"None of your business. Here, get out of it, some of you!"

They were a rough lot, dock-labourers and their women-folk, out-of-works, fairly sprinkled with a number of those land-sharks and undesirables inevitably to be found in dock neighbourhoods. Constables emerged from the station, and with those of Darrack's escort who had not followed him in, set about dispersing the crowd with a series of open-handed, short-armed shoves—plenty of body-weight behind them.

Death came in for such a shove, and a sharp injunction to clear off and get home.

"What's the charge?" he asked of the vigorous young constable before whose onslaught he was yielding.

"Never you mind. Push off!"

The crowd broke up into small groups, but did not depart. The fascination of the police-station was over them. A couple of constables stood on guard at the entrance against unauthorised intruders. It was not a question of evidence against the young man who had been pushed into the little station dock facing the inspector's desk. Steve Darrack had been long "wanted." The police were sure of their man.

"Do you know what it's all about?" said Death, approaching two rough-looking customers.

"Can't tell you more'n what I know," replied one of them. "I was 'aving a drink in the Docker's Arms, when I see 'im"—the man jerked a thumb towards the police-station by way of implying Steve Darrack—"come into the saloon-bar, which was almost opposite where I was standing. I've an idea it was a copper's nark give 'im away. When I see the swing-door pull back, and caught sight of a cop, I knew there was trouble.

"It was very quick after that. 'E must 'ave seen the cop, for 'e was out through the other doors like a knife. There must 'ave been another cop outside, and 'e must 'ave give 'im what-for. When I slipped out, 'e was making all the running, and two cops after 'im; one of 'em had fair copped it over one eye and 'ad left 'is 'elmet be'ind 'im. Can't tell you more'n what I know. Others joined in, and they ran 'im down in Woolsack Lane.

"'E was about dead-beat, but still 'e gave 'em more than they bargained for. 'E was fighting all in, and one or two took sides with 'im. It was a tidy rough-and-tumble whilst it lasted. But who 'e is, and what 'e's been took for, don't ask me."

Death sighed. Had Steve Darrack gone straight to the docks and on board, all this would not have happened. "Just one drink" had lured him to his fate. Death, with many failures behind him, whom Crusington had found among human wreckage and flotsam on the Embankment, had known and succumbed to such temptation himself.

"But 'e'll be up before the beak in the morning," went on the rough-looking customer. "'Ear more then!"

There being no promise of further excitement, he and his companion sheered off. Others followed. The thoroughfare in front of the police-station assumed its normal appearance. Constables filed out, a sergeant in command, marching like machines. Only Death remained. One of the two constables guarding the station entrance had been withdrawn. Death approached the other, but when he questioned, the constable eyed him suspiciously, and fell back on a non-committal, official attitude—"Never mind what he's in for."

Death returned slowly towards the Railway Hotel, knotting and unknotting his long bony fingers in a curious, abstracted manner. His thoughts had returned to the basement of the house in Clair Street off the Hampstead Road, to Steve Darrack's delirious mutterings—"Go on, Sally—you hustle him—leave it

to Dick and me to pull it off! I say, Dick, what have you done to him? What have you done to him? Quick—the cops—scoot!"

Was Steve's arrest the sequel? Death knew what he knew, and had guessed what he guessed. He knew, for instance, that when "Mrs. Clinton" found employment at Crusington's, one of her references was Durward Kenyon. He had read all there was to read on the subject of the Bewlay Street mystery. Yet he did not believe that Steve's arrest in the neighbourhood of the docks had any connection with that mystery.

"Keep mother out of this!" was the appeal Steve had flashed him, when for a moment he seemed to fling off the stupor into which he had been battered, and the light of the station lamp caught his face.

Nor had Death forgotten Steve's appeal before his departure alone for the docks.

The bars of the Railway Hotel were closed when Death reached it, and made his way to the hotel entrance. The fat landlady, with hair most unnaturally yellow but an exceedingly kind and good-natured face, opened the door to him.

"She's not abed yet," she said. "But she didn't seem to fancy anything to eat. She's had trouble—I can see that."

"Yes. She has had trouble."

The fat landlady eyed Death curiously, associating him vaguely either with the undertaking business or monumental masonry, yet unable to assign him a definite place in the ranks of life.

"Pardon me," she went on, "but are you the lady's husband, and will you be staying the night?"

"A friend only," he answered. "I shan't be staying long. I don't want to keep you up, but—"

"I've got my accounts to set straight before I go to bed."

The landlady conducted Death to the sitting-room. He knocked and entered alone. Betty did not speak until the door was closed. Then she reached out her hands to him.

"Tell me!" she whispered.

"He's been arrested," answered Death simply, in a low voice. "I don't know the charge—"

"Can't I go to him?"

Death crossed to her.

"Would it be wise—till you know?" he asked.

Her eyes went big. So little had been explained, yet this wonderful friend seemed to understand and know so much.

"You've an idea what the charge will be against him?" he went on. "Won't you tell me?"

"If he'd only had a proper home—a father—a mother—"

"Never mind that now!"

He was not cutting her short rudely. Rather he was bidding her not to reproach herself needlessly.

Betty Hume crossed to a chair at a table. Seating herself, she covered her face with her hands. Death folded his arms, supporting his chin with one hand.

"He fell among thieves," she said at last. The wife of the vicar of Hallard's Cross had lived some years in an atmosphere of Scriptural quotations. She was quoting unconsciously. It was a throw-back to those days. "He never had a proper education—he was taught the wrong—no one troubled to point out to him the right, or tried to keep him to it."

That wonderful mother's love of hers, that had mastered horror, was pleading for and defending her illegitimate child.

Death's head sank a little. His chin rested more heavily on his hand. His love—his love that transcended sex, for this woman was feeding on every word she uttered.

"I only found him," went on the mother, "after he had been to a reformatory school. It was a hard fight to live. There was something in his nature that—that escaped me, that I could not control."

Again the vicar's wife drew upon the phraseology of the past unconsciously.

"He seemed possessed of a devil. I could not master that devil. It tore him from me, though he loved me—he loves me still."

Death's chin seemed to be resting on his chest now.

"I could speak to no one else as I'm speaking to you," went on Betty Hume. "Because you understand."

She could not help the sudden twist of her thoughts. John Hume, the ordained priest, who looked upon himself as consecrated of and to God—she could not have opened her heart to him in the past as she was opening it now to Crusington's private secretary.

"I was working," she went on, "and time after time he got work to do, but something always happened, went wrong, and he was out of work again."

"Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," John Hume would have said.

"Sometimes," continued Betty, "he was away for days and nights, and would come back, full of repentance and remorse, and make promises—only to fall away again. Then one night he did not return, and next morning—next morning—"

Her voice broke, and sank to an almost inaudible whisper.

"And next morning I read in the papers of—a robbery on Clapham Common . . . the victim died . . . before he died . . . he described

some of his assailants; one was arrested, and sent to penal servitude for life . . . weeks, months passed."

"All this is a sacred confidence," said Death. He remembered the Clapham Common outrage.

"One evening," continued Betty at last. "I was leaving Crusington's. A note was thrust into my hand . . . it was all so quick I hardly had time to see the young woman's face . . . the writing was Steve's . . . in the envelope there was a key."

She ceased. Some instinct caused Death to go silently as a ghost to the door. He opened it, looked out; the passage was empty. The door closed again, he crossed to the woman at the table, her face hidden in her hands, her slender body rocking slightly.

"Tell me!" he whispered, his bony hands opening and shutting. "This is a sacred confidence. Tell me, was it the key of No. 40 Bewlay Street?"

The ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece alone broke the silence that followed.

Betty spoke at last. It was a whisper.

"Yes!"

Another silence.

"I found him . . . half-starved, ill, ragged . . . don't ask me more!"

Only the ticking of the cheap clock. Then Death laid a hand on the woman's shoulder.

"He asked me," he whispered. "Steve asked me, if anything happened to him, to keep you out of it. I saw him taken to the police-station, and his eyes met mine. 'Keep mother out of this!' was what they said to me. For his own sake, don't try to see him yet. Don't go to the police-court! Wait—and hope. Yes, I say hope! Steve will thank God if you keep away."

Death knew the law; knew that when men commit a felony, and if a life be taken, though the blow be an accidental one, it is constructive murder, and that all those engaged on the felony, though only one may have dealt the fatal blow, are technically guilty of murder. But justice, in practice, takes into consideration circumstances. If Steve Darrack had been arrested for a share in the Clapham Common crime—as Death believed—the sentence would be more likely penal servitude. But it would be hard to prove extenuating circumstances in the case of Durward Kenyon's murder, and the mother, if she made herself conspicuous, a woman as well as a man being wanted, might implicate her son.

"You're setting me a hard task!" whispered Betty. "But if you think—I trust you, your understanding, your judgment—if you think it best—"

"I think it best!" said Death.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR. The Voice at the 'Phone.

To return to Mimi, where we left her at the entrance of the Regent's Circus "Tube" Station, Rupert Lang beside her, and a contents-bill just exposed on the bookstall, bearing the words "GRUESOME DISCOVERY AT CRICKLEWOOD."

Had he not taken her arm, she must have fallen. For a moment her personal dislike for the man was forgotten. Her experiences at Thatcher's Farm had no place in her thoughts. She was physically dazed, and welcomed the sight of a face she knew. "Gruesome Discovery at Cricklewood" became distinct again on the bookstall; then seemed to fade away again.

"I'm going to get you into a taxi-cab!" said Lang. She offered no resistance.

Rupert Lang called a taxi-cab, and, opening the door, helped Mimi into it. She entered without a word and sat down. Giving the chauffeur an address, Lang took his place beside her.

It had begun to rain; a summer gale threatened; the wind blew in gusts. Quickly the glass of the windows became spattered with the tears of the night and the greasy pavements churned to thick mud. For some time no word was spoken. Mimi's eyes were fixed, staring straight ahead, but she saw neither the street the car devoured, nor the chauffeur bending over his wheel, nor the crowds hurrying beneath the gaunt, sombre buildings on either side of them. She saw nothing, she heard nothing.

But Rupert Lang was pleasantly conscious of his surroundings. Fate again had played into his hands; he had done his best to guide Fate, to seize his opportunity. Directly he had learnt of Mimi's flight from home he had made up his mind that he would be the first to find her. Chance had thrown him across Colonel Kenyon, who had told him of his meeting with Mimi at Paddington, and how he had put her into a taxi-cab, instructing the man to drive her to Regent's Circus. So Rupert Lang had gone to Regent's Circus, as the starting-point for his quest. He had succeeded sooner than he expected.

Turning slowly in his seat and leaning against the back of the car, he looked at her. But he almost felt sorry for her. He put out his hand and let it lie on hers. He felt a slight shiver run through her body, but she did not draw her hand away.

"What on earth were you doing down there in that

crowd, Mimi?" He used her name naturally, as if already he had the right.

His voice brought her back to consciousness; she started, and the vague expression left her eyes. "I—I don't know!"

Lang gave her hand a gentle pressure. "My dear child, what on earth made you run away from home? It was very wrong, very foolish!"

She shivered, and again stared into vacancy. "I didn't run away. I was driven. Mother—" She stopped abruptly. "Where are you taking me, Mr. Lang? My bag has been stolen, I've lost everything now, I'm penniless. I'm—"

"That's all right," he interrupted reassuringly. "For the moment you had better come back to my rooms in Museum Street. Mrs. Smith, my housekeeper, is a good motherly soul: she'll see you're all right while I go out and try to find your father. Of course, he didn't mean to send you away. Directly he discovered you had gone there was a regular hue and cry raised. He's in London at this moment with Miss Peggy searching everywhere for you. I came up with them, but I don't know where they're staying. I'll find him all right, though, and set his mind at rest."

The wind had increased to a gale; it shrieked round the street corners, rattling the windows of the cab, driving the rain in sheets of water along the roadway. Mimi leant forward, hands outstretched towards the door, as if to leap from the cab. Lang gripped her arm tightly.

"It's all right, you're quite safe with me. I give you my word as a gentleman!"

Her face had gone white as death, she was shivering now as with an ague. She was recalling her nightmarish experiences at Thatcher's Farm. She turned her large troubled eyes on him, questioningly, appealingly. The loneliness and sorrow of those eyes would have melted a heart of granite. They stirred Lang to the depths of his being; but he did not know the meaning of chivalry, his heart beat only for himself. And he was playing his cards more skilfully than on that night at the farm. He must not let his passions get the upper hand of him.

Mimi dropped her hands from her face and looked through the streaming windows. London! The city imagination painted in such wonderful and brilliant colours.

"A wonderful sight, isn't it?" Lang said, under his breath, moistening his lips. This awful fight humanity waged one against the other hemmed in by bricks and mortar whetted his appetite, set fire to his desires. The god of the city was wealth, and wealth would buy this hungry, hurrying, shrieking crowd.

"Oh, it's horrible!" It was an involuntary cry from Mimi's lips.

On an impulse so sudden as to be almost genuine, Lang put his arm around her and drew her close to him.

"You have nothing to fear while I am by your side. I'll protect you, Mimi; I love you."

"Mr. Lang!" She was too distraught to understand or retaliate.

The chauffeur of the taxi-cab turned round and tapped at the window as if for instructions. Lang picked up the speaking-tube. "Ninety-six Museum Street."

Oxford Street was not so crowded, and in less than five minutes the lights of the Vienna Café blazed at them. A few seconds later Lang had helped Mimi dismount, hurried her across the pavement, and was leading her through the hall upstairs towards his rooms.

"Bachelor apartments, rather rough and ready," he said cheerily, as he pushed open the door on the first floor. "I'll send for Mrs. Smith; she'll find you a room and take care of you whilst I try to find your father and Miss Peggy!"

He switched on the lights as he spoke, then he took off Mimi's coat, and led her towards the armchair. "Sit there. I go in for comfort more than beauty, you see! That's better, isn't it? Come, little girl, cheer up." He touched the bell. "The first thing to do is to have food. Oh, of course you think you can't eat anything, I know! But it's wonderful what a different outlook one has on life after a glass of wine and a grilled sole. When one's stomach is empty one begins to eat one's heart, and then there's the Dickens to pay!"

Mimi found herself watching Rupert Lang with a curious fascination as he bustled about the room, clearing a litter of pipes and cigar-boxes from his table, sweeping a mass of correspondence from the bureau into one of the drawers. Then she found herself taking in the details of the room.

It was large with comfortable cosy corners, plenty of big roomy chairs.

A large mirror framed in beaten copper hung above the mantelpiece; between the mirror and the frame were stuck numerous invitations, letters, a ball programme, tickets for the theatre.

There were many photographs unframed; photographs of famous English musical comedy artistes. Many were signed, a few bore witty inscriptions.

On the walls were pictures of racehorses, prize-fighters; copies of pictures from the French Salon,

mostly of the nude, and one or two sporting engravings. To the left of the fireplace was a door covered with a *portière*.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door, and a young, fair-haired, fresh-complexioned man entered.

"I want to see your mother—ask her to come up at once," Lang said, without turning his head.

The man just glanced at Mimi through his half-closed eye, coughed discreetly behind his hand, and withdrew. A few minutes later Mrs. Smith appeared. Her face was round, rosy, and pleasant.

"You wanted to speak to me, sir?" She did not look at Mimi, she seemed absolutely unconscious of her presence.

Lang nodded, and thrusting his hands into his trouser-pockets, looked at Mrs. Smith with a winning smile.

"I want you to take care of this young lady tonight, Mrs. Smith—Miss Hume, the daughter of my old friend the Reverend John Hume, of Hallard's Cross. She is in town on business and had an unfortunate experience, had her pocket picked and robbed of every penny she possesses. It's impossible for her to return to Hallard's Cross on a night like this, besides, her unfortunate loss has completely upset her arrangements. I'm letting her father know she's in safe hands. You've got a room, of course—on your own floor for preference."

Very slowly Mrs. Smith let her eyes rove from Lang's face to Mimi's. She drew a little closer to her and looked at her searchingly.

"I'm only too happy to do my best for the young lady; I'll have a room prepared at once. I daresay you'd like a change, miss; perhaps your feet are wet?"

"And something to eat," Lang said quickly. "You might let us have dinner as soon as possible."

"Very good, sir, I will. I'll have a fire lit in your room, miss; it's on the floor above next my own. I'll take you up as soon as ever it's ready."

Mimi felt relieved. Mrs. Smith inspired her with confidence. She felt she would be safe with her.

As soon as she had gone Lang drew back the curtain from the other door and opened it. "There's a little dressing-room there, my bath and bed rooms are beyond. If you want to wash your hands or anything until your room's ready, just make yourself quite at home, won't you. I must run out over the way—do a bit of shopping."

He leaned over her tenderly. "You're quite all right now, aren't you? Fussy old soul, Mrs. Smith, and her silk dress gets on one's nerves, but she's quite all right."

"Thanks, very much; you're very good," Mimi stammered. "You must please let me know how much my room is going to cost."

Rupert Lang laughed as he picked up his hat. "My dear Mimi, friendship costs nothing. Don't forget that you're my friend."

Before she could reply the door closed and she was alone. She picked up a newspaper which Lang had carelessly thrown on the table, hoping to find distraction by reading, for her thoughts threatened like the storm outside. She was alone, utterly alone. She knew the real significance of the word at last.

Was this the loneliness her mother had known, knew now? Was it even thus her mother had left home, driven into the vast Emptiness of crowded London? A wave of passionate resentment against her father overwhelmed her. She would never return to him. Never! She would find her mother!

The newspaper trembled in her hands. The MORNING HERALD! Had Rupert Lang purposely placed it there for her to see?

Before she could dismiss the idea the sharp jangling of a bell almost at her elbow brought her with a frightened cry to her feet.

A telephone stood on the bureau; a call from the exchange. She stood facing it, uncertain how to act.

Again the bell rang, long and noisily. To Mimi it seemed almost uncanny this peremptory call through the storm from some unknown. Perhaps she ought to reply?

She stepped to the door and looked into the passage. Then called to Mrs. Smith. Silence answered her. Again the bell jangled. And again. Whoever called refused to be ignored—it might be some vital message.

She retraced her steps to the bureau, and as yet once more the shrill demand came over the wire, she picked up the receiver and held it to her ear.

"Yes." She hardly recognised her own voice.

"Mr. Lang's rooms?"

She gasped something in the affirmative, it was a masculine voice which throbbed in her ears. Her heart throbbed, too, as if in sympathy to it.

"Mr. Lang is out," she stammered. "I—he'll be back shortly. I—"

The man at the other end of the wire was impatient. "When he returns, tell him I want to see him, to-night if possible. I'm David Inglis—speaking from Mrs. Kenyon's house. In fact I'll come round now—"

The receiver rattled onto the oak bureau, and Mimi dropped into the arm-chair again, her hands pressed tightly over her ears, her cheeks scarlet as the flames dancing in the grate.

(The dramatic scene in Lang's room, when David calls, is related in next week's instalment.)



A British Mother whose family doctor is
Veno's Lightning Cough Cure.

CHILDREN'S COUGHS

Babies' Bronchitis, and all
Diseases of the Chest,
Throat, and Lungs.

Mrs. A. Wilson, 25 Henry Street, Rochester, Kent, writes:—"My two children, aged 12 months and 6½ years, suffered dreadfully from a severe cold and cough which developed bronchitis. I had a great deal of medical advice without good results, and was very worried what to do, but at last I tried Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and now I am glad to say that they are quite freed from their very nasty touch of bronchitis, which might have been more serious if I had not given your wonderful medicine. My eldest child was subject to a nasty cold at each fall of the seasons, but now, while I have Veno's Lightning Cough Cure at hand, I feel quite safe, as a few doses put her right."

GIRL-PREACHERS CURED.

Mrs. Storr, the well-known evangelist, and mother of Frances and Rose Bradley Storr, the famous girl preachers, writing from 48 Abbott Street, Doncaster, says:—"My two girls were never free from a stubborn, choking cough, and nasal catarrh. Frances had her tonsils cut, but the cough got chronic and I was frightened of her going into consumption. I tried everything, but nothing did any good until I tried Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. I gave her the first dose one afternoon, and it immediately brought up the phlegm, and stopped the cough, and the same evening she preached to a crowded congregation. I am sending this testimonial voluntarily, solely for the benefit of other sufferers."

AWARDED GRAND PRIX & GOLD MEDAL
PARIS HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1910.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest
and Purest Remedy for

COUGHS & COLDS.
BRONCHITIS.
WEAK LUNGS.
INFLUENZA.
SORE THROAT.

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A Bottle.

ASTHMA.
NASAL CATARRH.
CHILDREN'S COUGHS.
OLD-AGE COUGHS.
BLOOD-SPITTING.

Larger Sizes, 1/1 and 2/9 of all Chemists.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE.

I will give twenty-five penknives for the first correct solutions. Mark postcards "Boy." (See page 360.)



No. 6.—How to Have Beautiful Eyes and Teeth.

By Mademoiselle JEANNETTE, of Paris.

(In this series of Beauty articles no expensive treatments are recommended, and everything suggested is within the reach of the business girl who, while anxious to appear at her best, has but little time or money to devote to Beauty Culture.)

BEAUTIFUL eyes depend not so much upon their colour for their attractiveness as upon their size, shape, expression, and the clearness of the white surrounding the iris.

The relative beauty of light or dark eyes is merely a matter of individual taste, but all who wish to appear at their best should endeavour to keep their eyes bright and clear.

The golden rule for keeping the eyes bright is never to subject them to undue strain.

Never work or read in an uncertain light or in too great a glare, and always have the light falling from behind on the book or work.

Never use the eyes when any sensation of dimness or fatigue is felt, and although it may not always be possible to knock off work entirely at the first sign of strain, it is always possible to give them at least five minutes' rest, and this can be given by ceasing work and closing the eyes for the few minutes.

When possible a handkerchief may be wrung out in cold water, folded as a bandage, and laid over the eyes. This will be found to refresh them wonderfully.

Weak Tea for Weak Eyes.

Puffiness under the eyes is a source of worry to many women, as it detracts very much from the beauty of the eyes.

The cause may be from insufficient sleep or eye-strain, but in either case the remedy lies in toning up the relaxed condition of the skin, and, where eyestrain is the cause, removing the trouble by wearing glasses for working and reading.

To tone up the skin a lotion composed of twenty grains of tannic acid to one ounce of glycerine should be applied over the puffed portion of the skin night and morning.

When the eyes are habitually weak a lotion of weak tea should be applied to them several times a day, and frequent spongings with clear, cold water will be found most beneficial.

With the eyes we must consider the eyebrows and eyelashes, as these are a great adjunct to beautiful eyes. When the eyebrows are too thin, clip the extreme ends once a month and rub a little white vaseline into them at night.

This will soon work wonders with their growth. A very little vaseline may be smeared along the extreme edge of the eyelids to increase the growth of the eyelashes, but care must be taken to avoid getting any into the eyes, as this will cause them to feel dull.

Eyebrows which are too thick and bushy can be trained to grow into correct shape. Dip the tips of the fingers into a little rose-oil, and gently stroke the offending hairs in the direction in which you wish them to grow.

With care and perseverance they will soon take the desired shape.

The Teeth.

To keep one's teeth in perfect order they should be brushed night and morning with a fairly stiff brush and a good dentifrice or tooth-powder, as preferred.

Many women make it a rule to brush their teeth after each meal, but this is not practical for the woman worker who has many of her meals at restaurants, and morning and evening will be found ample if given conscientiously.

Once in about six weeks it is a good plan to brush the teeth with a little finely-powdered pumice-stone or cuttle-fish.

When "tartar" forms on the teeth it should be removed, as if allowed to remain, it is liable to cause decay to the tooth upon which it has formed. It

can be easily removed by the application of a little powdered magnesia.

Moisten the toothbrush and dip into the magnesia. Apply to the tooth, and if the tartar does not disappear at the first brushing give another treatment the following day.

Spongy gums have a bad effect upon the teeth, as the soft, spongy condition causes them to recede from the teeth instead of growing closely over and around them.

At the first sign of "sponginess" a lotion should be rubbed upon them composed of tannin, bark, and myrrh.

Any chemist would mix these ingredients in their correct proportions if told for what purpose it was required.

The choice of a toothbrush is by no means as trifling a matter as one might imagine. The brush should be fairly stiff, but not sufficiently hard to irritate the gums, and the bristles should be firm.

While cleaning the teeth the brush should not only be moved from side to side, but be worked up and down, so that the crevices between the teeth should be thoroughly cleansed.

(Another article next week.)

Mademoiselle Jeannette will be pleased to answer questions on every subject connected with Beauty or the Toilet. All queries will be answered through the post, and should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Letters must be addressed to the Editor, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and should be marked "Toilet" in left-hand corner. The articles in this series that have already appeared are: "How to Have a Beautiful Complexion," "The Care of the Hair," "How to Have Beautiful Hands," "How to Remove Wrinkles," and "Manicuring the Nails."

HIS PRESENT.

"CONFOUND these election bets, anyway!" grumbled Harker.

"Lose heavily?" inquired his friend.

"No, I won ten boxes of cigars and they were so rank I sold the whole lot to the corner tobacconist for half a crown."

"Well, you made half a crown, anyway."

"Yes, but that is not the worst of it. My wife saw the boxes in the window marked 'A Bargain, five shillings,' and bought the whole lot to give me as a birthday present."

THE wife of a clergyman warned him as he went off to officiate at a funeral one rainy day: "Now, John, don't stand with your bare head on the damp ground; you'll catch cold."

"Has he a good memory?"

"No, just a common, ordinary, every-day memory. He remembers people who owe him money much better than those to whom he owes money."

Shall we do it now, or wait till Martin comes?

SOON LEARNED.

A SCOTTISH ghillie met the proffer of a nip from his master's flask with the protest that he "cudna drink out o' a bottle."

Pressed, however, to try, he put the flask to his lips, and the sound of the steady gurgling never ceased until he handed back the empty flask.

"Hoots, Dugald," sadly observed the laird, as he held the flask upside down to confirm his astonished vision, "mobbe ye canna drink out o' a bottle—but, heh, man, ye'd soon learn!"

THE WRITER'S CHILD: "Pa, what is penury?"

The Writer: "Penury, my son, is the wages of the pen."

"I AM training my boy to be self-reliant."

"Want him to be able to paddle his own canoe, eh?"

"Well, I want him to be able to operate his own motor-boat."

IN ADVANCE.

"DOCTOR," said the caller, "I'm a victim of insomnia. Can you cure me?"

"I can," replied the physician. "But before I take the case I want to ask you one question. Are you in business for yourself, or do you work for others?"

"I'm employed in a grocer's shop," answered the patient.

"Then you'll have to pay in advance," said the doctor. "I'm not doubting your honesty, but after I get through with you the chances are you will sleep so soundly you'll lose your job. Then you can't pay me."

FOOTLINE COMPETITION RESULTS.**"MOTTOES" CONTEST.**

THE prize of 10s. 6d. for the best couplet was awarded to Mrs. Bundy, 64 Pinner Road, Oxhey, Watford, who submitted the following:

Pay well as you go, all the good that you owe;
All ill that you owe, never pay friend or foe.

"BACKWARDS" CONTEST.

IN this contest readers were asked to submit sentences which would read equally sensibly either forwards or backwards. The ten winners who each receive a penknife are as follows:

P. Crampton, Weald Bridge, North Weald; E. Davies, Middleboro' Rd., Southbank; G. Finlay, 32 Valleyfield St., Springfield, Glas.; W. Inglis, Muirton Pl., Perth; P. McIntyre, 15 Leobanhill, Dunaskin, Ayr; A. Norman, 2 White Horse Place, Wellingboro'; A. W. Onslow, 20 Dewhurst Rd., W. Kensington; W. E. Rowland, 8 Barking Rd., East Ham; J. J. Taylor, Ton Pentre, Glam.; J. R. Yeale, Alford, Aberdeen.

"YULETIDE" CONTEST.

THE ten match-boxes for the best sentences of eight words each, of which the initial letters are Y U L E T I D E have been awarded to the following:

A. E. Bircumshaw, 13 St. John's Rd., Unstone, Staff.; A. A. Capes, 102 Belmont St., Hull; Dr. Ewing, College Internationale, Anderlecht, Brussels; E. Goodacre, 3 Riverside Rd., Nuneaton; H. Irvine, 27 Matland St., Dunfermline; T. S. Miller, 5 Homestead Rd., Fulham; W. P. Lamb, The Schoolhouse, Handley; K. Riddell, 38 Staff. St., Dumfries; Glasgow; C. Tomlin, 67 Roseberry Gardens, Harringay; F. M. Watts, Notting Hill.

"CARD" CONTEST.

THE Christmas card verses considered the best were submitted by the following, to each of whom a safety razor has been sent:

L. Ousey, 8 Clanciarde Gardens, W.; J. Condliff, 16 Brockfield Rd., N. Liverpool; H. Hooper, 404 Warner St., Camp Hill Bham; C. Vivian, Lutterbridge, Bromyard, Worcester; P. White, 22 Belvoir Rd., Cambridge.

"WANTED" CONTEST.

IN this contest readers were asked to state why they wanted a P.W. penknife. The reasons considered the best were submitted by the following, to each of whom a penknife has been sent:

A. C. Artell, Tintostede, Llandudno; Miss E. Beaumont, 29 Westleigh Rd., Leicester; A. Cliphams, 34 Park Rd., Stratford, E.; A. W. Coburn, 136 Edmund Rd., Hastings; J. Conerly, Royal Magazines, Purfleet; H. Cooke, 39 Oxford Rd., Gee Cross, Hyde; A. F. Cooper, 31 Broomhill Rd., Ipswich; A. Dawson, 18 Powell St., Heckmondwike; T. G. Driscoll, 19 Wellgate Rd., Leytonstone; A. G. Friend, 61 Alexandra Rd., Plymouth; E. Gregory, 17 Victoria Ave., Levenshulme; Mrs. E. C. Harris, 1 Carlisle Ho., Dartmouth Pk. Hill; A. W. Harvey-Smith, 3 Bedford Ave., Manchester; F. Hawley, 19 Dale St., Ilkington; A. Haynes, Middlemarch, Nuneaton; D. Johnson, 1 Mayberry Place, Bantyre; Mrs. A. M. Leigh, 21 Lichfield Rd., L. Edmonstone; J. Maxwell, 4 Park Parade, Lisburn, Ire.; M. Milner, 19 Westbank Ter., Renfrew; G. Muir, 35 Ure St., Govan; H. Newton, 423 Mossley Rd., Birmingham; A. Peters, Kinloch St., Carnoustie; J. Poole, 51 Adelaide Rd., St. Denys, Southampton; H. Thirkell, The Green, Seaton Carew, W. Hartlepool; J. W. A. Wymark, Epsom.

"COMMAS" CONTEST.

READERS in this contest were invited to submit ambiguously-worded sentences which required careful punctuation to make them read correctly. The ten safety razors for the best examples have been sent to the following:

C. J. Cunningham, 11 Cleddens Place, Clydebank; F. L. Edwards, 16 Lancaster Rd., Stroud Green; T. Haswell, 10 Southwick Rd., Sunderland; E. Lemon, 29 Keldon Rd., Clapham Com.; M. J. Mack, 7 Cory Sq., Newry; E. Martin, Vantage Rd., Morrison, Swansea; R. Pooley, 10 Glyngwyn St., Mablethorpe; C. Sartin, The Lodge, Mithras, H. Seokler, 35 Ashgrove Rd., Goodmayes; J. F. Smith, 4 Eyres Grove, Leeds.

"METAPHOR" CONTEST.

THE penknives for the examples of mixed metaphors have been sent to the following:

P. C. Boon, Ivy Cottage, Gallow Hill, Biddulph; A. W. Coburn, 136 Edmund Rd., Hastings; E. E. Coulson, 23 Monson Rd., New Cross; R. Darg, Bottinglass; E. Marr, 2 White St., Partick; C. W. Neal, 13 Wickham Ave., Bexhill; D. W. Oates, 13 Leicester Rd., Newport, Mon.; R. H. Oates, 125 Dock St., Newport, Mon.; T. W. Riddle, 31 Henslowe Rd., Dulwich; E. Wood, Union Workhouse, Lisburn.

"HONEYMOON" CONTEST.

LADIES were invited to answer the question, "Why is a Last Year's Hat Like a Honeymoon?" The replies considered the best were received from the following; to each a pair of scissors has been sent:

Mrs. J. Anston, A.S.C., Upper Barracks, Chatham; Mrs. C. Barkle, Hill Hall, Lisburn; Miss E. Bassett, 21 Butts, Coventry; Mrs. L. Elliott, Moss Lane, E. Manchester; Mrs. Eshelby, Millward Cres., Hastings; Miss E. Smith, 73 Lloyd St., Greenheys, Mtr.; Miss W. Macquenn, 29 Tooley St., E.C.; Mrs. B. Gibson, 35 Dorset St., Hull; Nurse Gramshaw, Lancelles Hall, Huddersfield; Mrs. B. Harris, 2 Prospect Ter., Sholden, Deal.

"POLITICS" CONTEST.

IN this contest the question was asked: "Why is a General Election like a Mince Pie?" The answer selected as the best was: "Because each supplies the 'Constitution' with a 'much-debated Diet.'" The sender was Chas. W. G. Livermore, Belvoir Gardens, Skircoat Green, Halifax, to whom the prize of 10s. 6d. has been awarded.

"ALPHA" CONTEST.

THE twenty-five readers who submitted the longest words, the letters of which are in their correct alphabetic order, are as follows:

H. P. Barnett, Arrington, Herts; H. Bennett, 7 Cromer Avenue, Keighley; G. Bradley, Overton, Ellesmere; John Clark and J. P. Clark, 44 Kynaston Rd., Thornton Heath; F. Debeney, 4 Claberry St., Leeds; D. Dows, 15 Regent St., Rutherglen; M. Graham, Tetworth, Oxon; G. Hall, Grange, Brighton; L. Hale of Wight; A. Henderson, 10 Forest Park Rd., Dundee; O. Hinartz, 28 Tufnell Park Rd., N.; J. Morgan, Penpore, Cardigan; G. Parris, Guardbridge, Fife; H. Pitchford, 83 Halesowen Rd., Old Hill; R. Pooley, 10 Glyngwyn St., Mablethorpe; Miss E. Prosser, 20 Belle Vue Pl., Sunderland; R. Shaw, 49 Bales, Trinidad Colliery; W. A. Trenggning, Laity Rd., Troon, Camborne; W. H. Wakefield, 24 Southgate Rd., Old Swan, Liverpool; W. Watt, 29 Battlefield Gardens, Glasgow; T. S. White, Lisnaw, Crossgar, Ire.; E. A. Wilcockson, 96 Kempe Rd., Kilburn; T. Wilson, 17 Marine Ter., North Shields; H. Yarnall, Brixworth.

Patronised by H.M. the QUEEN of SWEDEN GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

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ROYAL PALACE
STOCKHOLM.

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CARPETS**

suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered, in Thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. These Carpets, with

FREE RUG,

will be sent out as Sample Carpets thus showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits.

OVER 400,000
SOLD DURING
THE PAST
TWELVE MONTHS.

Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send Two Carpets and TWO RUGS for 10s.

ILLUSTRATED BARGAIN CATALOGUES of Carpets, Hearstings, Overmats, Bedsteads, &c.

Send in Tab. Lists, Certificates, etc., POST FREE if mentioned in "Pearson's Weekly" 5/11 when writing. N.B.—Foreign orders executed, packed free, and shipped at lowest rates.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "ECLIPSE, LEEDS." Cheques and P.O.'s payable to
F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. F.W.), Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants, **WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS.**

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

FREE HERBAL MEDICAL GUIDE (Illustrated).—Containing valuable remedies for all ailments. Write to-day. P. W. "Herbalist," 28 Charing Cross Road, London.

BOOK TO WEAK MEN.—Nervous and Physical Weakness, Lack of Vigour, Varicocoe, and Allied Troubles. Treatise with full particulars, including hundreds of testimonials of complete cures, sent sealed, post free, two stamps.—F. J. Murray, 125 High Holborn, London, W.C.

TYPEWRITING.—Novelists, story writers, clerks, and others who require their manuscripts typewritten, should send a post-card for terms to Miss Morris, 14 Bridge Road, Hammersmith, London, W. Special reduction for long stories.

SMALLHOLDERS AND ALLOTMENT-HOLDERS wishing to hear of something to their advantage are requested to send their name and address to Box 1, c/o Pearson's Weekly, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

STRENGTH. How Lost; How Regained.—Interesting and instructive remarks to young and middle-aged men on "How to Preserve Strength, Create Vitality, and Increase Nerve Stamina." A brief treatise on Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Poverty of Nerve Force and Debility in Men.—Sent sealed on receipt of 4 penny stamps by Charles Gordon, 4 Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks.

ASTROLOGY.—Your future important events foretold. Marriages, Partnerships, Business, Speculation, Changes, Legacies, Lucky Days, Planet, &c. Send birth-date, 1/- P.O., stamped envelope.—Madame Marion, 4 Robertson Avenue, Edinburgh.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT: call or forward by post; full value per returning. For made.—Messrs. Browning, Actual Manufacturers, 61 Oxford Street, London (Estab. 100 years).

YOU CAN EARN 1/- an hour.—Full particulars of employment, apply U. 50 Aldersgate Street, E.C.

SLIGHT OF HAND TRICKS.—A new simple conjuring tricks are always useful in the after dinner interval. You can learn a number of effective tricks which need little or no apparatus with very little trouble by studying "After-Dinner Sleights and Pocket Tricks," by G. Lang Neil, Send 1/- to A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

OLD FALSE TEETH. mounted in gold, dental, and valentine, gold and silver, broken watches, and jewellery bought for cash, highest prices.—E. Spry, 21 High Street, Edinburgh.

FATE.—You can tell your own future by means of our "Book of Fate." Starting information, pronounced by all as mysterious and uncanny. Special articles on Palmistry, Astrology, and Physiognomy. Every known method of Fortune Telling fully explained. With this book in your hands the mystery of the future is a mystery no longer. Unlucky speculations avoided. Love, Business, Wealth, and Marriage Prospects all revealed by a close study of this marvellous book. Handsomely bound and contains nearly 300 pages. Send post free on receipt of P.O. for 2/- and early as supply is limited.—B. King & Co., 148 Old Street, London, E.C.

VARICOCELE.—Every man suffering from Varicocoe and its accompanying debility and nervous exhaustion should send for illustrated circular describing its successful treatment and cure by the only rational and painless method. No electricity. Sent sealed, post free, two stamps.—A. E. Horton, 25 & 26 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

ASTROLOGY.—Events, Changes, Fortunate Days, Business Success, Marriages, "Two years' future added. Send birth-date, 1/- P.O.—Prof. Gould, Clare House, Whitechurch Road, Cardiff.

HOW TO KEEP FIT.—A "One Minute" Daily Exercise Card, containing 20 Photographs and full instructions, can be applied post free for Ninepence, from The Publisher, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. INVEST 2d. & KEEP FIT.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.—Thoroughly practical information on physical culture for training and general health is given in "Modern Physical Culture," by C. Lang Neil. All the modern systems are illustrated. It may be had, post free, for 1/- from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

GAUTHIER'S PILLS composed of Apat, Tansy, and Steel, regulate the system. Invaluable for all disorders of the female constitution. Post free, 1/-, 2/-, and 4/- per box. Mention this paper. Sole Agents, G. Baldwin & Co., Herb & Drug Stores, 9 Electric Parade, Holloway, London.

ETIQUETTE FOR MEN.—A book setting forth in simple style full and accurate direction for the due observance of modern modes and manners for men, in "Etiquette for Men," by G. B. M. Devereux. It may be had, post free, for 1/- from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

INCOME TAX.—If you wish to avoid trouble and expense, buy "A Handy Guide to Income Tax Payable." It will solve all your difficulties in making a correct return, and thus avoid overcharge. Send fourteen stamps to A. F. Sowter, 17 Henrietta St., London, W.C.



Mrs. H. Johnson, N. a. 116.

40 YEARS' PILES

Another Amazing Zam-Buk Cure. Painful Operation Averted.

SURELY no stronger proof of Zam-Buk's extraordinary power to cure the most obstinate case of piles need be quoted than the story related by Mrs. H. Johnson, of 8, Hawes Street, Scotswood Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"For more than forty years," said Mrs. Johnson to a reporter, "I suffered from piles, which I think I got through sitting on a cold stone seat. At times the piles bled very badly, when it was agony to sit or lie down; yet I was often obliged to stay in bed for months and months, too weak to get about."

"I went for a long time to the dispensary, and when they found their ointments weren't doing any good the doctors wanted to operate. They said there was no other cure, but I wouldn't consent."

ointments & Salves UTTERLY FAILED.

"For years afterwards I kept trying cheap ointments and salves, but it was no good; I couldn't get relief. A mate told my husband how Zam-Buk had cured his piles, so I tried this balm."

"I got more relief from Zam-Buk than I had known for years. I soon found it was removing the piles, too. They dwindled away, and every day saw me making improvement, until now I can go about my work again and the piles never trouble me at all. I can't properly express my gratitude for this splendid cure."

Zam-Buk is an unfailing cure for Bad Legs, Eczema, Ringworm, and all kinds of skin and scalp disease.

Zam-Buk

Science's New Discovery.

A PAPER FOR NOTHING.

A copy of "The Smallholder," containing articles on Gardening, Poultry - Keeping, Bee-Keeping, Farming, and subjects of similar interest, will be sent to you, post free, if you send a postcard with your name and address to

The Publisher of "The Smallholder,"
28 MAIDEN LANE, LONDON, W.C.

KLAUS'

The Most Delicious
Sweetmeats
on the Market.

Milk Chocolate
AND
Milk Hazelnut.

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and when writing to Advertisers, mention "Pearson's Weekly."

Delicious COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.
In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

DAINTY DISHES.

A Good Stuffing.

Two cupfuls of crumbs, two ounces of chopped suet, a tablespoonful of finely-chopped parsley, pepper and salt, and half a teaspoonful of herbs. Moisten all with milk and work into balls, or use for stuffing meat.

Treacle Wafers.

First melt one ounce and a half of butter with three ounces of treacle, mix two ounces of flour with two ounces and a half of sugar and a quarter of an ounce of ginger; add this to the butter and treacle, and beat well. Grease a baking sheet, and drop the mixture on to it in spoonfuls five inches apart. Bake for a quarter of an hour, and place on a sieve till perfectly cold.

Dainty Rolls.

Take one pound of flour and add a teaspoonful of baking-powder, one teaspoonful of salt, two ounces of good beef dripping or lard. Mix all with sour milk and make up into twists or rolls. When half cooked, brush over with a little milk to give a glaze.

Use for Stale Bread.

Cut the bread into very thin slices, place on a baking sheet, sprinkle each slightly with salted water, and stand in the front of the fire to dry. Then place in the oven till a light golden colour and crisp. I use these for cheese instead of biscuits, and they are cheaper.

Meat Ragout.

A tempting dish is made as follows from remains of any joint. First slice the meat, then fry a cupful of sliced onions in fat until a light brown. Add to this a cupful of potatoes and season all with salt and curry powder. Stew the mixture for a quarter of an hour, and then add the sliced meat. Place all in a deep dish, and serve.

Railway Pudding.

Breakfast cupful of flour, one ounce and a half of lard, one egg, teaspoonful of baking-powder, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, a little milk, jam. Work the butter into the flour, add the sugar and baking-powder. Beat up the egg with a little milk, and make all into a light dough. Pour into a greased piedish, and bake in a sharp oven for three-quarters of an hour. Turn on to a sieve, cut in two, spread with jam, and press lightly together like a sandwich. Sift sugar over, and serve.

A Workman's Pie.

Line a piedish with slices of raw potato, then at the bottom lay slices of onions, season with pepper and salt, adding a few finely-crushed sage-leaves if you choose. Cover this pie with a lid of mashed potatoes, for which a little bacon dripping has been used, with pepper and salt to taste. When the pie is cooked, put any gravy you have in the centre. A pastry lid can be used instead of the potatoes for a crust, and will answer the same purpose.

Boiled Ginger Pudding.

For this take three-quarters of a pound of flour, four ounces of shredded suet, a pinch of salt, one ounce of brown sugar, a teaspoonful of ginger, a teaspoonful of egg-powder, and make all into a light dough with milk (for this any sour milk will do nicely). Flour a wet cloth, place the dough into it, tie it up, leaving plenty of room for the pudding to swell. Plunge into fast boiling water, and cook for at least two hours, taking great care that the water boils fast all the time. Those who cook by gas will find this a very easy pudding to cook, for when once the water with the pudding in it has boiled up, very little heat is needed to keep an even temperature.

CAKES AND PUDDINGS.—No. 60.

MARMALADE SPONGE PUDDING.

Sent by Mrs. L. Thomas, Ruabon.

- 1 packet Cakeoma.
- 2 Eggs.
- 2 tablespoonfuls Butter.
- 2 do. Marmalade.

METHOD.—Rub butter into Cakeoma, beat the eggs and add them together with the Marmalade and a little milk and mix all together for about 5 minutes. Pour into a buttered mould or basin and steam for 2 hours and serve with sweet sauce. This pudding may be served hot or cold.

Cakeoma is sold in 3½d. packets by grocers and stores everywhere.
Recipe book will be sent post free on request to Latham & Co. Ltd., Liverpool.

Home Notes Page

Conducted by
ISOBEL.

HOME HINTS.

Combs

Soon warp and break if constantly washed. A good stiff nail-brush cleans them well.

Stains on Linoleum.

Paraffin well rubbed in will remove obstinate stains without injuring the material.

Tiles

May be wiped over with a paraffin cloth instead of washing with soap and water.

To Remove Varnish

Rub the surface clean with sandpaper, and then with a rag dipped in spirits of ammonia.

Sticking Plaster

Is apt to leave unsightly marks on the skin. Rub with methylated spirit, and they will vanish.

When Boiling a Pudding

Cover the top with buttered paper. This will keep the cloth clean and save much time when washing it for future use.

Clean Your Grey Felt Hat

Thus: Make a thick paste of magnesia and cold water. Brush the hat over carefully with it. Allow it to dry thoroughly, and then brush off.

If Soup is Made too Salt

Add a few slices of raw potato and cook a few minutes longer. The potato will absorb most of the salt without giving its own flavour to the soup.

A Burnt Saucepan

Should be filled with cold water and a piece of soda. Bring it slowly to the boil, and boil fast for twenty minutes. If any stain remains, scour with sand.

Sheets

Should, of course, be mangled, but if you have not one, fold the sheets as if for mangling, and leave for several hours. Then finish by pressing them in the folds with a heavy iron.

Sawdust

Should never be thrown away. Use it for cleaning water-bottles which are stained. Slightly dampened, it can be scattered over brick floors, which, if well brushed, will be perfectly clean.

Waste Pipes

Which have become clogged are cleaned by laying over the sink a large lump of soda. Pour a kettleful of boiling water over, and it will dispel the grease which generally is the cause of the trouble.

To Clean a Sponge.

Get a pennyworth of salts of lemon, dissolve it in a quart of warm water. Squeeze the sponge in this till thoroughly clean, and rinse well in plenty of cold water. Salts of lemon is a poison, so use it with care.

Frying.

The secret of successful frying is always to have the fat in the pan at a boiling point, before adding the food to be cooked. This may be proved by dropping a piece of bread into the fat, and if it is ready the crust will be browned immediately.

Musty Flour

Is a great annoyance, and can be generally traced to a defective bin. If stood on blocks so that the air can circulate freely under there will be no possibility of damp, which is such a constant source of trouble.

Bleaching Liquid.

Dissolve a quarter of a pound of chloride of lime in one quart of soft water, bottle. When required to remove a stain, mix equal quantities of fluid and cold water, and dip in the stained part. Rinse thoroughly. (Reply to HOME LAUNDRESS.)

FREE TOILET SOAP.

The proprietors of the well-known Oatine toilet preparations are giving away for a limited period tablets of Oatine toilet soap absolutely free. They are doing this to introduce and popularise this well-known toilet soap, which possesses many special qualities.

Being manufactured from the purest materials, it contains no alkaline properties. Besides the tablet of Oatine toilet soap, the Oatine Company send a dainty toilet outfit, containing samples of seven of the other Oatine preparations, which will be found most useful. Readers sending 3d. in stamps to the Oatine Company, 189 D, Oatine Buildings, Boro', London, S.E., to pay the cost of postage and packing, will receive these articles by return of post.

TWO-SHILLING FANCY DRESSES.

No girl who receives an invitation to a fancy dress dance need refuse on the ground of expense. For the following suggestion, if carried out, will not cost the wearer more than two shillings at the outside.

The character of a "brown paper parcel" is both original and inexpensive. A skirt of pleated brown paper, which may be relieved by insertions of string beaded with sealing wax, is very effective.

"Queen of the Roses" can be sustained by a frilled skirt of crinkled paper. Each frill is edged with wreaths and roses cut from wallpapers, and the whole looks more expensive even than the average.

In the "Queen of Hearts" cheap muslin can be substituted for silk, and the difference is not noticeable.

"Night" can be made of black muslin with paper additions to represent the stars; and "Comet" can be similarly constructed.

KEEP THE BATH CLEAN.

When a "high water mark" ingrains itself on the sides of an enamel bath owing to insufficient attention to rinsing and drying, it is not an easy matter to remove the stain. It can, however, be rubbed off by means of a strong spirit, the bath being afterwards washed with warm soapsuds and well rinsed.

One of the best specifics for the purpose is spirits of turpentine, while an alternative is that

TO LADY READERS.

Here is an opportunity for you to win a splendid pair of scissors for your work basket.

As I've already announced, I want to see if you've any ideas or hints which will help to make this page of practical use to housewives, housewives to be, and mothers.

And I am willing to award a pair of scissors to those readers who can help me in this way.

Supposing, for instance, you know how some attractive and useful little thing for the home can be made easily and cheaply; write and tell me all about it, giving full and clear particulars, and if I decide that I can use it on this page, I will award you a pair of scissors.

Or supposing you have a wonderful old recipe, such as is not to be found in any cookery book, or supposing you have some brand new idea in fancy work, or some brilliant way for saving labour in housework; these are just the things I want you to send.

Of course, it's no use sending ordinary recipes or ordinary hints for the home that have already appeared.

If you want them returned you must send a stamped and addressed envelope. Send ideas to "Isobel," care of the Editor, PEARSON'S WEEKLY, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.

Mark your envelopes "Hints." "ISOBEL."

of hydrochloric acid, the latter being diluted with nine times the amount of water. Where petrol is kept for cleaning gloves and other articles, a little of the spirit applied over the stains will have the same effect.

Strong measures of this description should only be followed with great caution, and care must be taken to avoid touching the acids with the fingers, as they are apt to burn the skin. A lump of cotton wool or a piece of sponge should be tied to the top of a short stick, and a fresh mop used on each occasion.

Another good remedy for dull and tarnished brass is oxalic acid diluted with water. The taps should first be cleaned thoroughly with a strong hot solution of washing soda and then dried, when the oxalic acid should be applied with a piece of flannel, care being taken to avoid staining the hands with the acid.

A little finely-powdered rotten-stone sprinkled on to a strip of flannel list and rubbed briskly over the brasswork will then give a bright polish, which may be kept up to the same condition of brilliancy if a clean chamol leather is worked over the surface daily.

Shall we do it now, or wait till Martin comes?

I will give for the ten best answers ten pairs of scissors. Mark postcards "Baby." (See page 360.)



Keep PEPS Always Handy.

THE GREAT BREATHE-ABLE THROAT & CHEST REMEDY.

YOU cannot treat a cold too soon, and experience proves that the Peps method is the perfectly natural, safe, and certain way of curing and brushing aside all complications.

Don't go out in bad weather without a few silver-jacketed Peps in your pocket, and so have them handy when an attack of sneezing gives warning of a fresh cold. Peps will ward off the threatened attack, and are a true preventive of pleurisy and pneumonia.

Don't start on a train journey or ride on the top of a bus or tram without a box of Peps. The risk of chill through the cold wind or dampness, or contact with people who may be suffering from highly infectious chest and lung complaints, is very dangerous, while the ever-present draughts in a train make your chest and lungs particularly susceptible.

Don't forget that Peps will stop that tickling cough, by ridding you of the cause of the irritation, and will save you from a severe attack of sore throat or bronchitis.

Don't forget to keep a box of Peps at your bedside, and the nasty cough which keeps you awake at nights will be promptly got rid of. The significant morning cough, which so often marks the presence of deep-seated lung trouble, is best treated with the pure volatile essences in Peps.

Don't forget to keep Peps always handy in the nursery or children's room. These wonderful little tablets will save many an anxious hour by bringing rest and ease to little sufferers from colds, whooping cough, or croup.

Don't fail to have Peps handy when at work, for nothing is more annoying than a persistent cough in business hours. In office, factory, or workshop, a few handy Peps tablets will prove the best safeguard against sore throat and

the never absent dangers of dust and germ infection.

Don't forget that for old folks Peps are a legacy of comfort, for they stop the exhausting, body-racking cough, and thus preserve the strength that is so precious in old age.

Preachers, lecturers, singers, public speakers, and teachers should remember that Peps are the best preventive of hoarseness and laryngitis, because they keep the breathing or air-passages in a clear and healthy condition and fortify them against the attacks of the cold germ.

Don't forget that the throat and lungs are the most vulnerable parts of the body, but Peps will make them invulnerable. Therefore, **keep Peps always handy wherever you are**, for one never knows what perilous infection of consumption, influenza, colds, laryngitis, or sore throat may be carried about by people you are constantly coming in contact with.

CHEST SORE WITH COUGHING.

Mrs. M. Honey, 320 Wandsworth Rd., Clapham, London, S.W., writes:—"I had bronchial asthma very bad for 26 years. Phlegm was constantly gathering in my throat, but no amount of coughing could remove it. My throat and chest got awfully sore with the constant coughing and retching, and my breathing was very bad. I tried all kinds of liquid cough mixtures and lozenges, but didn't derive any permanent benefit until I tried Peps."

"The fact that I am now quite well, and free altogether from the cough and the throat and chest soreness, is due entirely to my perseverance with Peps. These splendid little tablets loosened my chest and also soothed and strengthened my throat and breathing tubes. I can now honestly say I am quite free from the bronchial trouble."

All Chemists and Stores sell Peps at 1/3 or 2/6 a box (2/6 size contains nearly three times as many tablets as the 1/3 size); direct for same prices from The Peps Co., Carlton Hill, Leeds.



**Send Without Delay.
FREE TEST**

Because we are so sure that Peps will justify all that is claimed for them, we are willing to send anyone a free trial sample. To obtain this, send this Coupon with a penny stamp, to Peps Co., Carlton Hill, Leeds.

Pearson's Weekly, 5111.

for COUGHS, COLDS, & BRONCHITIS.



The Deluge

I'VE had a most interesting letter this week from one of my readers, and it is not without a good deal of thought and careful consideration on my part that I have decided to let you into the secret.

A Most Generous Offer.

As you know, it is one of my most strictly observed rules that readers' letters should be held sacredly secret unless, of course, they are sent for this last page; therefore, I have obtained permission from my correspondent to publish his letter in full. Here it is:

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

My wife and I have been reading your serial story "Driven from Home" with the keenest of interest from the first. And not unnaturally our sympathy has gone out very much to Betty Hume. I may tell you, in confidence, that my own dear wife, who is a clergyman's daughter, ran away with me to get married, because of her unbearable life in a little country rectory. So we have followed the career of Betty with unusual interest.

My wife read aloud to me the story of how the serial came to be written, and, though you didn't say so, it is not difficult to discover that the old lady who is now living in Devonshire is none other than Betty Hume. At the time, my wife expressed the wish that we could make her remaining years happy, and there the matter dropped.

But the wish has constantly recurred to us, and now, after having carefully talked the matter over, I want to know if it could be arranged that we could get to know more of the old lady with the view to our taking her into our home for her remaining years.

I am what would be called a wealthy man; we have one little boy and a home among some of England's most beautiful scenery.

I enclose the names of three gentlemen who will tell you whatever you care to ask about me.—

Yours faithfully,

Naturally, I am exceedingly grateful and pleased at this very practical expression of sympathy, and perhaps readers will be sorry to hear that it is impossible to avail ourselves of my correspondent's generous offer. Of course, I am myself writing very fully to him explaining the circumstances.

But Betty, as we may call her, is really very happy in her Devonshire home; she has formed ties of friendship there that it would be great pain to her to sever, and the idea of going away nearly two hundred miles to the home of, to her, complete strangers, would, I know, distress her exceedingly. I felt, however, that my readers would like to hear all about this very gratifying incident.

On another page you will find the second of Mr. Lancashire's Living Scenes.

Sherliker's articles on Lancashire mill life. In this he deals with the remarkable way in which Government factory-inspectors are fooled into believing that regulations are properly being carried out when all the time they are, in reality, being broken every minute of the day. The article forms a most striking indictment of the methods of the mill-owners.

Next week Mr. Sherliker tells some incidents of "Paay Neet."

Shall we do it now, or wait till Martin comes?

OPPOSITE, on the red page, you will find the third list of names and addresses of readers who have received Christmas presents and gifts of cash in connection with our mysterious Christmas plum-pudding. This makes, up to the present, about a thousand readers whose claims have been paid in this connection. Next week we hope to publish the first list of names and addresses of claimants from the Colonies.

And on page 356 you will find the results of ten of our footline competitions. Really, before long

there ought not to be a single reader who hasn't won a prize of some kind from a P.W. competition. Have a try at some of the contests in this week's footlines.

BESIDES the names of the winners in the footlines competitions announced in our Christmas Number, we give the names of the successful competitors in the contests given in our issue dated December 15.

Amongst the latter one of the most interesting was the "Repartee" Contest, in which readers were invited to give retorts that might be used with effect towards the scapegrace who murmurs "I don't think" on every conceivable occasion.

One reader suggests the retort, "Why make it public?" Another sarcastically exclaims, "What a gift!" "Won't your mother let you?" is the satiric query of a third competitor. "Oh, don't apologise!" is the airy retort of a fourth; while still another sagely remarks, "Well, it's a pity, because if you did you would be bound to see I was right!"

The "Ballad" Contest was also a very attractive competition. Readers were asked to submit sentences in which every vowel should be the same. It was astonishing the length of the sentences competitors compiled in spite of this handicap. One reader's attempt actually comprised the story of "Paradise Lost," and it was in rhyme, too, as you will see from the following:

*Eve, Eden's empress, needs defended be;
The serpent greets her when she seeks the "tree";
Serene she sees the speckled tempter creep;
Gentle he seems, perverted schemer deep,
Yet endless pretexts, ever fresh, prefers,
Perverts her senses, reveals when she errs,
Sneers when she weeps, regret repents she fell,
Then, deep revenged, reseeks the nether hell.*

EACH week finds my lady readers wittier than ever, and their replies to the query "Why is marriage like a pudding?" in the "Marriage" recipe?" in the "Marriage" Footline contest, attain to a very high standard. Here are some of the answers submitted:

Why is marriage like a pudding recipe? "Because," replies J. M., "no woman is satisfied till she has tried it."

"Because if it should not prove successful," suggests W. H., "there is a certain amount of 'ill-feeling' in store."

"Because it's 'spooning' before it's 'done,' and 'fork out' after," writes M. W.

"Because both have to be 'tied' before being tried," is the answer given by J. R.; while the same idea is even more cleverly expressed by Mrs. S., who writes, "Because both require the 'cloth' to 'bind' them properly."

Shall we do it now, or wait till Martin comes?

H. P. sends me a copy of an American newspaper in which, through a printer's error, two paragraphs have become mixed. Here is the result.

"The Rev. James Thompson, rector of St. Andrew's Church, preached to a large concourse of people on Sunday last. At the end of his sermon he suddenly ran up Timothy Street and down Benefit Street to the College. Luckily a policeman who was on duty at this point saw him coming, and recognising that he was mad by the way he was barking and foaming at the mouth, immediately shot him."

That's pretty good, H. P., but I think we can match it with some of the blunders in our own newspapers. A friend of mine has a collection of these pasted in a book. Here are some of them:

"Our esteemed fellow townsman and late Mayor, Mr. Pennington, has been compelled to leave the neighbourhood on business. He is now in Hell."

It should perhaps be explained that Hull was Mr. Pennington's real destination.

In speaking of a well-known author a weekly paper once wrote: "He started life as a medical practitioner, but was diverted from it by his love of bitters." Needless to say, "letters" was what the editor had originally written.

Last, but not least, comes the description of a fancy-dress ball, in which the correspondent stated, "Mrs. B. wore nothing in the nature of a dress, that was peculiar. This appeared in print as "Mrs. B. wore nothing in the nature of a dress. That was peculiar."

OLEANDOR writes that she has been "walking out" with a young man for nearly two years. Eighteen months ago he asked her to be his wife, but has not yet produced the engagement-ring.

Is He Worth Marrying?

When they go out together the young man expects OLEANDOR to share all expenses, in spite of the fact that he is in a good position and has no need to stint. OLEANDOR wants to know whether it would be "forward" of her to ask for an engagement-ring.

I do not think it would be "forward," OLEANDOR, but I do think that it would be very foolish. Have you never put two and two together and considered what sort of a husband your young man would make?

If he shows signs of "stinginess" and selfishness before marriage, what will he be like when the glamour of courtship has passed away? Now is the time, OLEANDOR, to insist upon being treated with fairness and proper consideration.

If a straight talk does not bring your young man to his senses, I think you would be well advised to send him about his business.

"I MEET a man, and even a woman, now and then without a hat or cap," writes T. G. R., "though not quite so often as I used to three years ago."

Their idea, of course, is that the fresh air strengthens the hair. But I doubt this, because I see many shopmen who are always in and out with the shop door wide open, and yet are quite bald. On the other hand, there are some people who never go out without a hat, and still have splendid heads of hair."

You mustn't judge by shopmen, T. G. R. If I had to attend to people who, after looking at everything in the shop, buy a penny packet of pins and walk out, I am quite sure I should lose my hair. The fact is that the casting of one's curls is much more a question of health and constitution than anything else.

There are some luckless people who would get quite a shiny cranium if they never wore a hat in their lives and anointed themselves every night with the best hair restorer on the market. Others, on the contrary, might sleep in a helmet and never lose a hair unless it was pulled out by force. At the same time, if one is addicted to baldness the constant wearing of a cap, especially a waterproof one, probably hurries the process.

Lots of men thin their thatch by soaping and sousing their heads every morning, while women who, owing to the length of their tresses, have no time for these daily ablutions, keep their crowning beauty far more successfully.

RULES FOR FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on postcards, addressed to the Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. No other communications must appear on these cards.
2. You may take part in any number of these footline competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.
3. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. You will find this name in the announcement of the competition in the footline.
4. All attempts must arrive not later than Thursday, January 5th, 1911.
5. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes, as announced in the footlines, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.

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Note.—A pen-knife for each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.



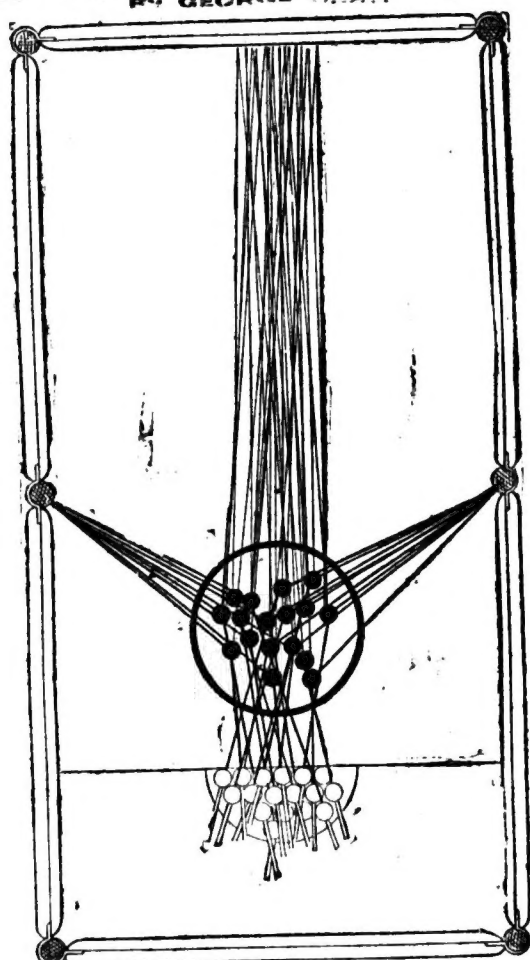
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